

Punch

Summer Number

Too Many Cooks

I WILL not have my joys suggested
By men who see with other eyes.
Whatever my most trusted friend
Was rash enough to recommend
I always thereupon detested
And must continue to despise.

The seasoned team with sun-tanned faces,
Whom Sunday papers hire to write
On where it would be nice to go,
Only ensure I shall not know
A growing list of pleasant places
Which but for what they say I might:

And to those bright unpeopled lands
The coloured railway posters show,
Those semipternal sunlit scenes
Where bosom-burdened beauty-queens
Lie lonely on unlikely sands,
Girls or no girls, I will not go.

The fever swamps, the polar seas,
The regions of eternal night,
The barren sands and burning skies
Which no one safely could advise
As holiday attractions, these
Alone are left for my delight.

Let others find their fancies suit
The counsels of the common voice:
I have no heart to go where they go;
I am for Tierra del Fuego
(A week at Wogeo en route)
And Chelyabinsk for second choice.

P. M. HUBBARD

CHARIVARIA ..

.. June 5, 1957

THE announcement by the Ministry of Labour public relations department, "Mr. Iain Macleod to Visit Bonn: Repays Last Year's Visit of Federal Minister of Labour," throws a new light on the social obligations of Ministers, and lends valuable support to Mr. Macmillan's move to reduce their burdens of office. The man in the street, learning that Mr. Macleod is off to see Herr Storch, tends to assume that the Minister will at least have the satisfaction of getting a bit of work done—cleaning up the reciprocal agreements on social security, or going into a few subordinate intricacies of the Coal and Steel Community; now he sees that the trip is merely in the nature of a courtesy repaid, and recognizes it, even from his own lowly experience, as nothing but a bore. It is high time that Victorian etiquette was taken out of politics. No Minister can get on with his proper duties when every page of his engagement book menaces him with the tedious niceties of "Must ask the Bulgarians over," "Time I spent weekend with Pflimlins" and "Hon. Chief Obafemi Awolowo, dinner and whisky." Let us have a moratorium on all social debts, and happier, healthier Ministers.

Open Skies—a Beginning

APPROVING two routes by which motoring tourists may at last enjoy the Soviet scene Moscow stipulates a seat



in the car for an Intourist interpreter-guide. His duties will be to tell the tourist anything he wishes him to know.

How Many Sides?

PRODUCERS of long-playing gramophone records are said to have received calmly the proposal by Mr. Will

Owen, M.P., for a Monopolies Commission inquiry into the cost of long-playing gramophone records—though a shrewd few think it may throw up a fresh source of material.

Unplanned Withdrawal

WASHINGTON, says a report, is "considering reducing" the numbers of American citizens in Formosa. Restless



Chinese Nationalists on the island point out that they had this idea about a week earlier.

Thanks, No Word-Play

Two "important changes" simultaneously announced by the *Yorkshire Post* are the appointment of Mr. Guy Schofield to the Deputy Editorship and the increase in price from twopence to threepence. Under the supervision of anyone less serious-minded than Sir Linton Andrews this would have been put out under the headline "Penny for the Guy."

Mean Trick

MR. HAROLD STASSEN disappointed peace-lovers the other day when he bounded on to London Airport exclaiming "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" They expected him to follow it up with something about "There ain't going to be no disarmament talks."

Thunderbolt

ASKED to remit entrance fees for school leavers joining youth clubs, Essex Education Committee spoke critically of the practice of spoon-feeding the coming generation, adding that their refusal to remit the fees was intended

to show youngsters that "things don't just fall from the sky." Essex youngsters comment that something just did.

Rhyme for Cyclotron, Anybody?

MILK from the Welsh mountains, said to contain an above-average radioactive element, has been the subject of an assurance by the Ministry of Agriculture that it will in future be "checked regularly for strontium 90." Welsh dairymen's associations are withholding comment until they decide how this will sound as a commercial TV jingle.

Wide Open Faces

MR. AUBREY JONES's address to the Bristol Aeroplane Company followed in the main the well-worn pattern of Ministerial speeches to public or private bodies, telling them what they were, what they did and what was expected of them. Audience indulgence towards all this had been pre-assured, however, by



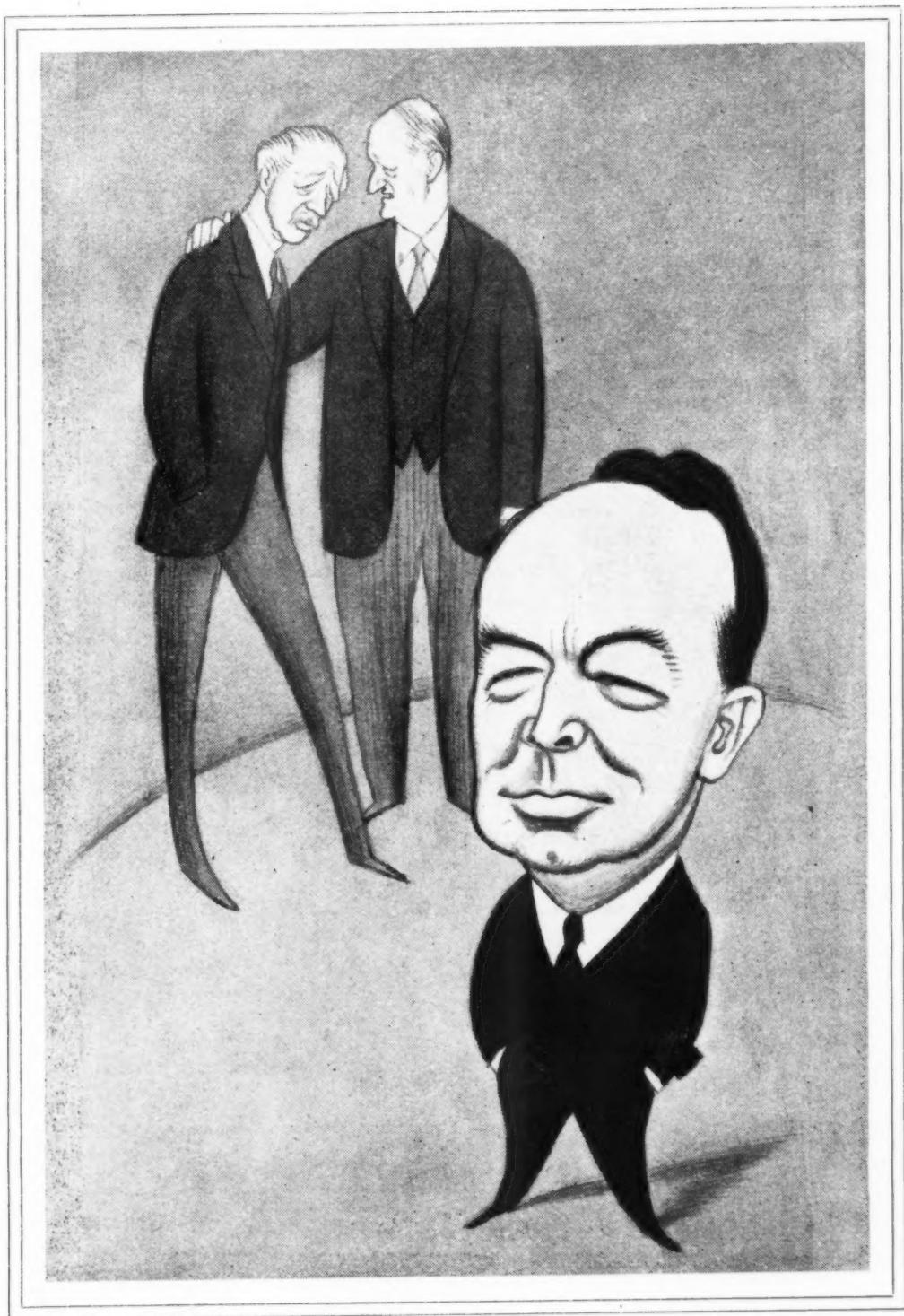
the engaging bit of self-criticism in his opening sentence: "Thank you for the honour you've done me in asking me to open this wind tunnel."

Loudly, With Maracas

Now calypsoes they are all the rage
At cricket matches or on the ocean wave,
For versifiers they are just fine
Because the metre's so elastic and they
don't have to rhyme.

Poets you can join the newest school
Winning guineas in the go-ahead *News Chronicle*,

If you want a specimen, here you are,
The first and last you'll ever get in
Charivaria.



After Max Beerbohm

"The Rising Hope of the Stern Unbending Tories," Sir Hartley Shawcross.

Life with Failures

By INEZ HOLDEN

I ONCE spent fourteen days with failures in the house of a de-frocked dentist. We were all paying guests at the time except that they, being failures, did not pay and the disgraced dentist, also a failure, did not pay his superior landlord either.

I reached this unsound boarding house, via hospital, as the result of a fall from a horse after I had jumped a hedge without being aware that someone had left a bale of wire on the landing side.

While I was in hospital Joe Limbo came to see me. I thought it touching that this militant egoist, whom I did not like, should have taken the trouble to

find out that I had broken my leg. But I discovered later that he had not taken any trouble at all as he had only come down from the Psychiatric Ward, from which he was about to be discharged, and having nothing much to do in the meantime he had been wandering through the other wards hoping to find someone he knew.

He sat by my bed eating the fruit a friend had sent me and drinking the wine brought by another friend. He also managed to steal my sleeping pills on his way out.

Joe Limbo was either an American or apparently an American; certainly he

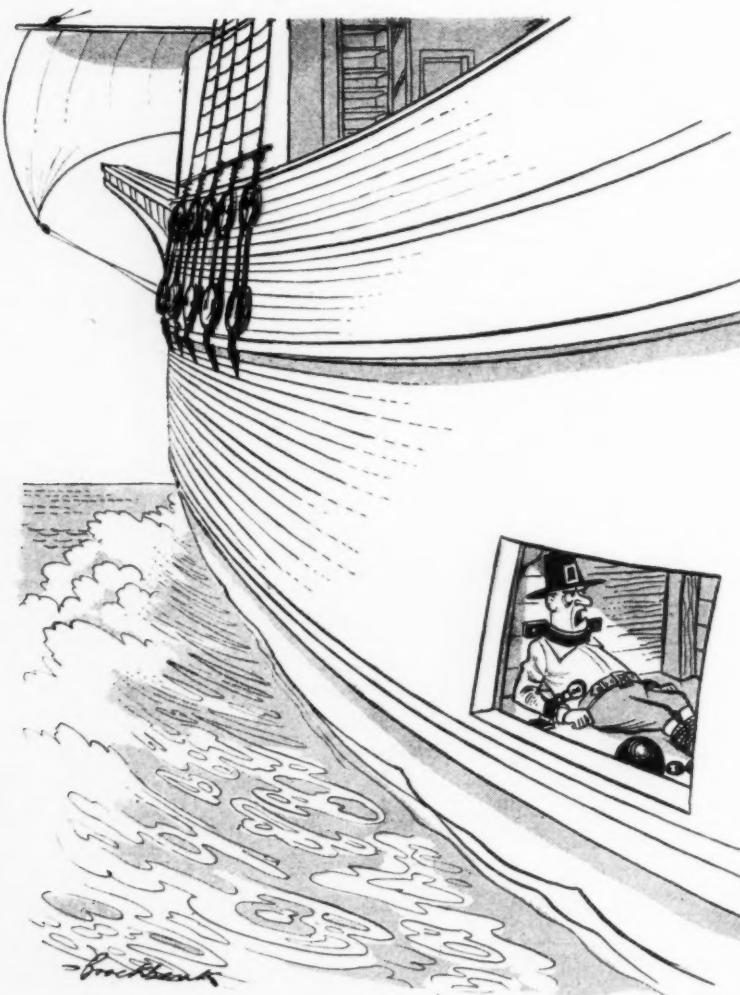
had a crew cut to go with his American accent and he had spent most of the war as an A.W.O.L. detached from the American Army. He had also been engaged in deadly combat with one of "Ike's Snowballs"—that is to say an American military policeman of the Eisenhower Command. Afterwards Joe had been sent back to the States and "hospitalized." From this he had made a daring escape, taking his nurse with him to a motel where, it seemed, they had lived together for three weeks. This action—clearly discreditable—was a source of great pride to Joe Limbo and he boasted about it continually, seeing it as one example of success shining out from a life of failure.

I told Joe about the doctor who was always asking my advice on the short stories he had written. Soon this literature-struck medical man would most treacherously take the manuscript of a full-length novel out of the bag in which he also kept his stethoscope in order to get my opinion on a possible publisher, and it would be very difficult for me to explain that I did not really have much opinion of publishers.

"If you feel that way about this dump why don't you just take off?" Joe asked. I said that even when my leg was out of plaster I would have to come back to the hospital almost daily for massage and X-rays. London was too far away, and anyhow the doctor would use every argument to persuade me to stay because captive listeners were hard to come by.

It was at this moment that Joe said "Well, why don't you take a room at Archie's place? If you stay in the district you can quit the hospital." Joe Limbo was able at times to put up a sort of smoke-screen of commonsense talk to conceal his own instability, so that when he described the big Victorian house, run in an agreeable and liberal way by the distinguished Doctor Archibald Aldington, it sounded like a reasonable solution.

On my first night at dinner I sat between two doped yachtsmen. Their yachts were presumably impounded, belonged to someone else or perhaps had never been in existence at all, yet one of these men was so far gone that he supposed we were at that minute sailing in the Mediterranean. He



"Wait till the Seamen's Union hears about this."



described a complicated kind of microphone which when let down on to the ocean bed was able to prove how noisy deep sea fish could be. "They make a kind of honking sound," he said. "Rather like the traffic at Piccadilly Circus. They are doing that now but of course we can't hear them without the machine."

I could not even guess at the origins, occupations or ambitions of the two foreigners, Baron Sleepers and Count Macatty, who sat opposite me; and there was also a girl whom the others called Broken-hearted Semolina in spite of the fact that she laughed most of the time, and when she did so little bubbles appeared on her front teeth.

Although everything, both morally and physically, seemed to be falling down in the house of the struck-off

dentist a certain amount of ceremony was kept up, such as breakfast each morning in the breakfast room. But as the others sat up most of the night talking and playing the piano—Macatty played the "Moonlight Sonata," and Sleepers a few pieces from *Prince Igor*—they did not turn up for breakfast early.

Nevertheless, even alone at breakfast, I could not quite free myself from awareness of this gilded group of somewhat shifty men and women who all set such store by some event in their past—usually something associated with getting the better of the law, exploiting a friend or out-smarting some institution—which had somehow brought them money or notoriety or both. Broken-hearted Semolina's *cause célèbre* was a case in point and also Archie

Aldington's attempt, while drunk, to take an elderly millionairess's wisdom teeth out, which had resulted in his being struck off, although it had also brought him a commission for a series of newspaper articles in the gutter Press ghosted for him by one of the doped yachtsmen while the other one was away smuggling, gun-running and running away until overtaken by the law in some faster sea-going craft.

Count Macatty's mysterious past caused him to ask constantly "Well, after all, wasn't I quite right to spy for my country?" but no one could answer this because they did not know who he had been spying for or what his country was—neither did he.

Baron Sleepers, it seemed, was simply a bigamist. I had no idea what he believed he had got out of this, but he

certainly wanted to be a bigamist again and he was always proposing to Broken-hearted Semolina, which was useless since she did not want marriage but only breach of promise.

These people did not have professions as others did, but what they called "projects," which were a form of seeing somewhere on the horizon the vision of a colossal "coup" or final "fiddle" which would turn them over-night into country squires, racehorse owners, or bring to reality any of their other rather flat fantasies.

Archie, the disgraced dentist, was also "in" on these projects to the extent that the boarders had all told him he would be "in on them" if any of them ever came off. This gave Archie an opportunity of thinking in millions while getting nothing.

Although none of them worked—as work is generally understood—yet all looked for work. Not for themselves but for each other.

They went down to the local pub at noon and sat for hours reading the Employment and Situations Vacant columns in their borrowed newspapers, commenting "There's some machine-minding which might do for Macatty," or "Here's a job just taking an old lady's parrot across London every other day—money for marmalade I should say—it ought to suit old Sleepers all right."

Naturally my sociological studies of these professional failures was interrupted through my being an out-patient at the nearby hospital; also I usually went to bed early to avoid the



"Mr. Morgan's busy—he's having his nap."

piano-playing and interminable talk of "projects," so I missed the early symptoms of "a repeat pattern of behaviour," which is simply a jargon-wise way of saying that they were about to do something which they had obviously done before.

They decided that one of them would have to get work in order to aid the others and appease "Old Archie," pressed by his superior landlord, who in his turn was getting restive from receiving no rent.

In choosing one of the number for the deed of applying for work the boarders of "Archie's place" acted like a secret society—as indeed they were since no one outside their own circle had willingly spoken to them for years.

It so happened that Joe Limbo had the ill-luck to draw the fatal card. They sent him into the breakfast room, with a colossal classified list of available employment, warning him not to come out until he had written to one of the prospective employers asking for an interview. To a man of Joe Limbo's temperament this was much the same as leaving a gambler alone in a room with a loaded revolver on the strict understanding that a suicide must take place.

When I came down to breakfast next morning Joe Limbo was still there. He looked pale but pleased with himself. There was sweat on his crew cut. He said that he had been through the whole list of jobs most carefully and finally he had selected one. He had written to the employer, typing the letter very neatly. He was going to have a bath and shave now so that he would have plenty of time to rest before going down to post the letter on his way to the pub at midday. He added that he had left a copy of this letter on the table, and he would be glad if I would read it as he had taken a lot of trouble over it.

Joe's letter began "Dear Sir,—In response to your advertisement for a Porter and Packer"—then followed the name of the newspaper and the date of the advertisement's appearance—"I should like to inquire, first, why the term 'Porter and Packer' is used since this must surely comprise two jobs, and either it is illegal to expect one man to do two jobs or else double pay should be offered?" Joe then pointed out that the term "unskilled work" had also been used and this he believed to be an inexact term since "fetching and carrying,

plus packing, must demand a certain degree of skill." He noted, further, that the place of work was described simply as "a warehouse" and he would like to know what the conditions were in this warehouse—was there a good canteen and a rest room? Also, since this warehouse seemed to be situated in a most remote place, what was being done about transportation? Were there special buses for workers as one would expect in a well-run Welfare State? It was a long letter and after an impressive list of his own qualifications—over which he had exerted his imagination to its limit—he stated that he would be glad to call for an interview any afternoon between three and five o'clock. He ended his letter on a formal note "I remain, dear Sir, Your Obedient Servant, Joseph Limbo." But there was a postscript in Joe's own handwriting. "I would point out for your further information," he wrote, "that I am still an American citizen and therefore not eligible for long-term or any other employment in this country."

I never learnt how the mythomaniac boarders took this, nor how their next repeat pattern of behaviour manifested itself because although I had paid my rent in advance I had also decided to leave in advance. And so that was how I lodged in the house of the defrocked dentist and his unorthodox companions for only fourteen days. I did not regard it as my finest fortnight and perhaps it was not theirs either, but then it could be said that they didn't have any fine fortnights. Nor did they have any dark days, because they looked forward to their projects and boasted of their past misdemeanours while occupying themselves in searching for work for each other. And through it all, of course, there was the music of most of Count Macatty's "Moonlight Sonata" and some of Baron Sleepers' *Prince Igor*.



Cold Comfort

"I would like to see the provision of hostel accommodation for those who, through age or infirmity, are not able to look after themselves and yet are not really hospital cases. The Committee is, at present, considering the question of refrigeration at the Corporation Abattoirs and I am firmly of the view that this service should be provided."

Municipal Election Address, Lytham St. Annes

Opening of the Hamper Season

"WELL to be sure," wrote Dickens, "there never was such a Derby as this! Never so many carriages, so many fours, so many twos, so many ones, so many horsemen, so many people come down by 'rail,' so many fine ladies in so many broughams, so many of Fortnum and Mason's hampers, so much ice and champagne. Look where I will—in some connection with the carriages—made fast upon the top, or occupying the box, or peeping out of a window—I see Fortnum and Mason. And now, Heavens! All the hampers fly wide open and the green downs burst into a blossom of lobster salad!"

That was Derby Day 1851. This is Derby Day 1957; and on Epsom Downs the hampers are opening as usual. Unusual, however, is the open hamper over the south pavement of Piccadilly. It is the centre-piece of Fortnum and Mason's decorations for their 250th anniversary; and no better symbol of this establishment's contribution to social history could there be than the hamper which has kept English picnics above the subsistence level for so many generations. It is carried by two Georgian blackamoer pages—attendants at the dignified alfrescos of the past. No pages at picnics nowadays: but imagination replaces the blackamoors by cupids—the cupids which are part of the behind-the-trees paraphernalia of every perfect picnic, the mischievous attendants at all *dejeuners sur l'herbe*.

The first Mr. Fortnum in the grocery line was a footman to Queen Anne at St. James's Palace. One of his duties was to renew the Queen's candlesticks each morning; and one of his perquisites was to sell the candle ends. By this means he acquired the capital to set up shop with his friend Mason, conveniently close to his backstairs connections at Court. The business therefore grew not from small beginnings but from small ends; contrary to the usual way of things, the ends provided the means.

The 250th birthday cake was cut by the Duchess of Marlborough: a six-tiered cake worthy of kitchens reputed to use only brown-shelled eggs for baking; a coroneted customer worthy of a shop claiming to have supplied the

officers of the British Army in every campaign since her ancestor-in-law won the Battle of Blenheim. In the last war the Army was more familiar with the letters N.A.A.F.I. than F. and M.; and the military hospitals, unlike those of Miss Nightingale at Scutari, received no issue of Fortnum beef tea by direct order from Buckingham Palace; but on the Home Front the men whose proud duty it had been to pack hampers, starting at 4 a.m., for the Derby, for Ascot, Henley, Lord's, and Goodwood, turned without a moan to the melancholy task of packing little parcels of rations for registered customers (2 oz. marg., 2 oz. cooking fat, 1 oz. cheese, 1 egg) and dispatching them each week to far-flung country houses. The scarcer food became, the more determinedly did the customers cling: getting so little, they *must* have the best. In very truth, the eggs were as doubtful at Fortnum's as everywhere else: they were all national eggs, and after travelling from Piccadilly to Perth and being picked up by push-bike, they were likely to be national disasters.

But that is old history now, and the nation has returned to the eating ideals which have varied so little over the centuries. Consider Richard Feverel's wedding breakfast: *Chicken offered their breasts, pies hinted at savoury secrets; things mystic in a mash, with Gallic appellatives; jellies, creams, fruits, strewed*

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

the table; as a tower in the midst, the cake colossal . . . just what any good catering firm would provide to-day. And the hampers of yesterday only differed from ours in the price. The Christmas hamper of 1928 contained, for four guineas:

- 1 turkey
- 1 brace of pheasants
- 1 half Stilton cheese
- 1 12 lb. ham
- 1 Wilts Bath Chap.

The forty-shilling wine hamper contained:

1 bottle whisky, 1 champagne, 1 Burgundy, 1 white wine, 2 bottles of port.

The Coronation Hampers of 1937 had one distinct difference from those of 1953. Sex inequality, then, was one of the accepted facts of life; indeed, it was taught in the public schools. Thus there was the 9/6d. hamper for gentlemen, the 7/6d. hamperette for ladies. For him: lobster cutlet, leg of chicken, ham, tongue, cheese and biscuits, rolls and butter, apple, pear, lemonade. For her: bridge rolls, smoked salmon, foie gras, chicken and ham croquette, cheese and biscuits, nectarine, lemonade. A half-bottle of champagne raised the price of either hamper by 5/6d.

At Queen Victoria's coronation Fortnum and Mason sustained the nobility with *Concentrated Lunches or Savoury Lozenges*, recommended also



"If you are only here for seven years you had better have the bed by the door."

as portable refreshment in travelling, hunting, shooting; for Members of Parliament and Gentlemen detained on Juries. Yet the luncheon lozenge never really caught on. For portable refreshment the Englishman will always prefer to be encumbered with a hamper. Another innovation at that time was a range of tinned delicacies . . . quite fifty years in advance of those produced by a young American who alighted with five cases of tinned food from a hansom cab in Piccadilly in 1886 and persuaded Fortnum's to take the lot—thus giving

a foothold in England to an expeditionary force of the famous fifty-seven. Indeed, no one can say that tradition trammels enterprise. Why, in another fifty years they had heard about custard powder and sent this message to their customers: "We told our chef to produce a custard powder that would make mock of ordinary eggs with its goodness—Something that would ring through the Chancellories of Europe."

Many a time and too often is it said that things are not what they were; and the infiltration of custard powder into



"All set? I ask you what you'll do with your Premium Bonds win and you say you're buying National Savings Certificates."

the kitchens of the élite might be considered confirmation. Yet it is still possible to die of a surfeit of lampreys: one potted lamprey customer has a standing weekly order. And those who say that caviar is not what it was are disillusioned by eating *ordinary* caviar, the paltry black granules with which the submerged tenth seek a spurious sense of luxury. The large grey-grained caviar is here for those who know the finest when they eat it. "And where else," demanded the Front Shop Manager only the other day, "can you buy as much *pâté de foie gras* as you want at £8 15s. a jar?" Again, there is no need to lament a dearth of eccentrics in this age of the average man as long as a gentleman sits in the Fortnum restaurant each morning at eleven o'clock with his own tin of concentrated coffee and asks for a cup and boiling water; nor while an aristocratic customer sends her post orders beginning: "The angel says that Hepzibah should have six game *pâtés* in terrines, twelve tins of peaches in grenadine . . ." These are family grocers, and all the best families have a skeleton aunt in the cupboard.

As Thomas Hood said, there are three things the public will always clamour for sooner or later: novelty, novelty, novelty. Public clamour does not penetrate these precincts; but when customers come homing to Piccadilly from abroad, Fortnum's try to pander to the foreign notions they have picked up. At the present moment they have fulfilled a whim for *Gelée Royale*. *Gelée Royale* is what makes the queen bee increase her weight by five thousand times, and lay two and a half times her weight in eggs daily. It is selling well, so it would seem there will be many more eccentrics in Piccadilly soon. A course of two 55/- jars is recommended to get you through the London Season. Although this may not be what it was when Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, also a customer, was uncrowned Queen of Society, the pleasures which fashion makes duties seem as arduous as ever. By the time the season fades away in a shower of fireworks at Cowes, and the flowers of society have dropped their petals like peonies, how many hampers will have been opened with gladness and sent back empty? How many picnic cups, replenished by cupid, drained to the disillusioning dregs?

The Company You Can Keep

By RICHARD MALLETT

THE intelligence (if that is the word) that hundreds of women recently stormed a Sydney TV station beseeching it to shave their hair off may have provoked in you no more than a tolerant smile and the reflection that girls will be egg-heads. My own thoughts were more profound and solemn. Those, I said to myself with a long face and in a voice barely audible above the roar of a paper-truck bearing fresh bounty to the *Daily Mirror*—those are the sort of intellectuals that the average person sits next to and in front of while he or she is watching a film.

Spoiled for more than twenty years by being able to see films in circumstances of undistracted comfort, at Press shows, I find my occasional necessary visit to a public performance more and more of a chore. A public performance is blighted by one crippling but quite unavoidable defect: the presence of the public. True, I'm a part-time member of the public myself, but I have serious thoughts of not renewing my subscription. The food is terrible, and some of the types they're letting in now would never have qualified a few years ago. As I sit embosomed by people whose reaction to any kind of effect is to make a cretinous comment on it to their neighbours, I find it increasingly difficult to understand how most of you can enjoy a film at all.

The curious thing is that all film critics are constantly sympathized with for the very reason that they *do* see films unaccompanied by fellow-creatures who have paid for admission. The satisfaction of being in some kind of throng seems to be an important part of what most moviegoers want. They come out, rather than stay at home and watch television, only because it would be more trouble to muster an equally effective number of really stupid people to sit round in their living-room and watch with them.

For many years now I have regarded as quite a typical member of the film audience a young woman who once sat in the row behind me at a musical. Her doomed companion made no sound from beginning to end of this work, apart from one conceivably involuntary

belch, but she held forth about it throughout. At one point there was a dance, exquisitely done: the man spun on his toes, whirling his tall willowy partner horizontally round his head as if about to lasso something with her. When this had been going on for some moments the garrulous charmer in the row behind me observed severely "He's good, but she's *awful*. Look at her *shoes*!"

There you have one exemplary twig of the vast bush of fatuity in which most people have to roost while watching any film. At the other end of the scale, though regrettably not of the row, there are the maniacally persistent but quite uncritical enjoyers: these also—I am sorry to have to say it—are usually women. Somewhat older, ampler and more massaged by life, these benign irrepressible souls talk just as much, greeting everything from a double-take to an epigram about psychiatry with the same enraptured platitudes, but reserving their keenest approval for a dog that puts its head on one side when asked the time, or some similar piece of mumbo-Fido.

Both these pillars of unwisdom, of course, take an intentionally bad joke absolutely straight: when the cheerful man in the film establishes himself in the character of a bore by announcing with thinly veiled amusement that a door is not a door when it's ajar, the first of these ladies sourly calls heaven to witness that she thinks little of that, and the second is so convulsed with mirth as to be hardly able to explain the point to her companion.

Between these two extremes there are innumerable gradations of asininity, and they have seats in all parts; but if we are to manage to sneak away with them all before *God Save the Queen* I had better allow these ill-tempered remarks to peter out. (Your shoes are down here, madam, by this faded ice-cream.) I assure you that, given the choice, I wouldn't see films the way you have to see them for all the tea in China. The fact that most of the people we are talking about wouldn't be grateful for *any* of the tea in China introduces an entirely different question of taste.



A Pal

IN the current rush of events, some more or less global, such as Hammarskjöld and whatever it is that is happening in Indonesia, nobody—and in the circumstances one hardly blames him—seems to have done a full follow-up reporting job on the man who recently got into trouble in Brooklyn or New Jersey or wherever it was on account of a thing he did which was of significance because, so far as one can see, it might have been done by anyone anywhere. Universal validity is a term that could well be employed in connection with the episode.

The occurrence began by taking the form of a conversation between two men working, apparently, for a railway company—though it cannot be too strongly emphasised, particularly at a moment such as this when a misplaced word might precipitate industrial non-

By CLAUD COCKBURN

adjustment on a larger scale than already, that the whole story in no way reflects upon railway workers *as such*, and in any case took place, as has already been pointed out, in the United States.

Railway Worker One opened the conversation, addressing Railway Worker Two. He said "D'you know something, Railway Worker Two? The way things are right now, if I had a gun I'd shoot myself."

To this R.W.2 is reported to have replied "D'you mean that, R.W.1?"

Number One then reiterated his earlier assertion. "I certainly do," were his reported words, "I just do not have any gun."

Number Two then evinced a heart which he supposed to be of gold. Patting his *vis-à-vis* on the knee he said "If that's all that's on your mind, comrade and fellow-worker, relax. Take

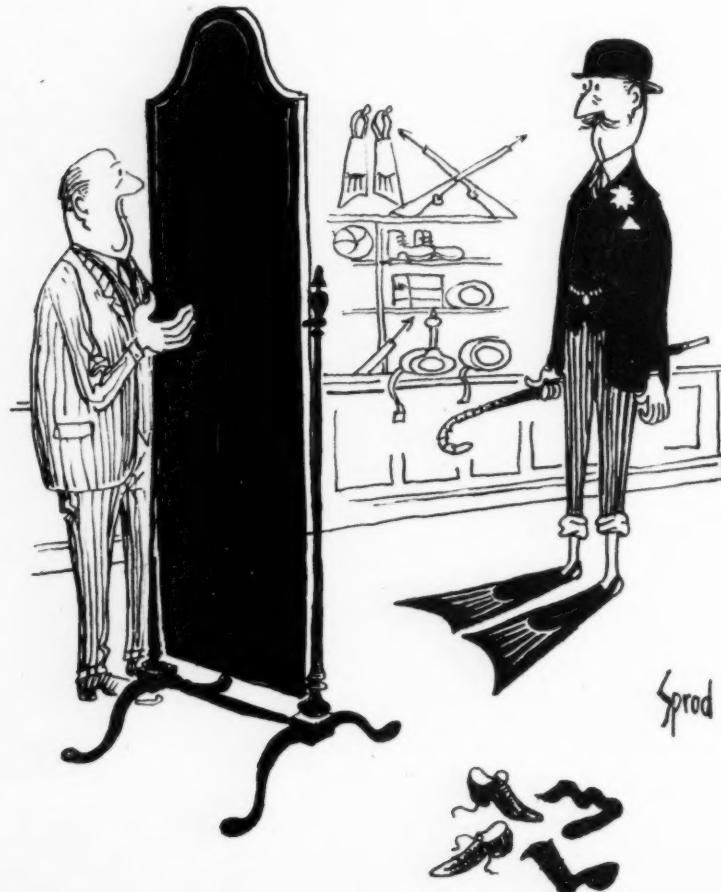
a squint at this." He forthwith displayed to the grateful gaze of Number One a serviceable pistol, properly loaded.

"Thanks a lot," murmured Number One, accepting the proffered instrument and, in less time than it takes to tell, making good on his original declaration. Just as R.W.2 was telling friends that he had always taken the view that a friend in need was a friend indeed, he was arrested on a charge of having abetted a suicide.

What we seem to have here is an admittedly extreme, perhaps regrettably extreme, example of a man standing at the opposite pole from the sort of man who, when somebody asks him for something which this first man could quite easily let him have—as it might be more beer, more democracy, more access to a certain type of literature, more fission, or a tip for the Derby—does not let him have it on the ground that it would do him no good, might be misused, form a bad habit.

This sort of man and that sort of man form two divisions of the human race whose existence is entirely familiar, and there is no point at all in entering here upon a philosophical discussion of the whole position. Start in on that and next thing you know there's a man shouting "What about heroin?" and a Home Office working party hard at it drawing a line between a liberty and a licence. Towards the end you get a call for a bold, imaginative rethinking of fundamental concepts and a half page in *The Observer*.

A typical example of muddled thought of this type was offered by Napoleon Bonaparte, and if things have got out of hand he was as responsible as anyone. By launching that thing about everyone having a field-marshall's baton in his knapsack he, like the above railway worker, showed that he had a warm heart and nice obliging nature but little or no understanding of—for example—the workings of the War Office. Also he fell into the fallacy—again a warm-hearted one, but still fallacious—of supposing that every man who says, as he watches the big brass go by, "What I'd really like would be to be a field-marshall" really wants to be a field-marshall, or would enjoy the work—all that wrangling with publishers





"But, Brenda, I need you."

for instance—as and when he got it. As was disclosed a few weeks ago, even major-generals are living under conditions of gross overcrowding.

Very rightly, people point and exclaim and say isn't it wonderful and a real instance of the way things are that, for example, Dwight Eisenhower, who had not previously to the early 1940s heard a shot fired in military combat, should have had the opportunity to get right to the top of the war and be President later. What optimists of this kind somewhat tend to overlook in their natural enthusiasm over a thing that turns out so very, very well—like the time someone looked at four-year-old Chopin, or five-year-old Mozart or six-year-old Hammerstein or whoever it was and, with the observation "that boy will go far," bought him a piano—is that this class of thing is going on all the time without always and inevitably

turning out so very, very well at all. Many a man is in charge to-day of some vital sector of our national interests who, given a little discouragement at the outset, might quietly have moved along some other course, thereby achieving a very, very deep and real personal satisfaction and saving the country a couple of billion dollars, a bout of humiliation, and some undesirable disunity on issues which etc., etc.

In his forthcoming memoirs a former Minister of the Crown complains with understandable bitterness that had not an older boy handed him, *sub rosa*, a filthy little book entitled *Secrets of the House*, by Ex-Whip, he would have gone in for some harmless trade such as money-lending or public relations. Many are the bishops, trade union secretaries and chairmen of banks who, in private, will admit that if only some golden-hearted friend had not—as a

miserably worried and incompetent Leader of Industry remarked recently—"made it all seem so darned easy, sort of smoothed the path," they would have realized that their momentary impulse to go for bishoprics, trade union secretarieships, and chairmanships of banks was but a passing phase, due to adolescence and the weather, and dropped the idea before they got committed to it. Instead, they had the misfortune to run into abettors, who are all too common, with results which it would be not only otiose but discouraging, at a time like this, to underline.

Holy Order

A BOU BEN ADHEM's name led all the rest . . .
Prompting a thesis wildly theoretical—
That even recording angels find it best
To keep us alphabetical. J. B. B.

An Eminent Elizabethan : Dr. aarnold

(*Fragments of an unpublished essay by L*tt*n Str*ch*y*)

IN 1948 the headmastership of Rugby School fell vacant, and it became necessary for the trustees to appoint a successor to the post. Records were in the air—athletic, social, educational even; another school had the youngest headmaster ever appointed; still another could claim a record number of headmasters who had left them for the bench of Bishops; Rugby, clearly, must look elsewhere for its unique statistical achievement. The trustees appointed a solicitor.

Could they have known that they were at the same time appointing, however indirectly, the Chairman of the Board of Governors of the British Broadcasting Corporation, their feelings might well have been confused. The future eminence of Dr. aarnold justified—sanctifie dalmost—their choice; but had they known of it would they not have noticed, even in the atmosphere of earnest striving in which they met, a faint undertone of irony?

* * * * *

“... a State service must not get out of touch with the people for whom it was intended to supply entertainment, information, and instruction.” His hearers did not need to doubt that

beneath the unexceptionable—too unexceptionable?—surface of the words lay the determination that entertainment was to be no more than the dazzling bait beneath which should lie the twin barbs of information and education; but they must have wondered how this austere purpose could be achieved.

Dr. aarnold may have wondered too. Could he not insinuate somehow into the idiot ritual of broadcast guessing-games such tit-bits as might lure the gaping millions on to liking—even, perhaps, demanding—programmes more concerned with the delights of dead languages; with the way in which the European Coal and Steel Community functioned; with the tender excesses of French literature; with the excavation of tumuli; with politics; with truth? On the whole, he may have decided, probably not.

* * * * *

The big office in Portland Place felt somehow, despite the serried telephones on the gleaming reaches of his desk, unworked in. There were secretaries to dictate to but nothing to dictate to them. Nothing, for that matter, to dictate to anyone. As the long afternoons dawdled away, and the lions

yawned at the Zoo up the road, Dr. aarnold must often have fingered over in his mind the intricate fabric of his career: hallowed brick at Rugby; Gibbons' less hallowed but more interesting carvings in Trinity chapel; twenty steady years as a reputable solicitor; the Chairmanship, amid the eager faces of his committee-men, of the Cement Costs Committee at the Ministry of Works in 1946; back to Rugby as headmaster, revered, adored, supreme; and now this drab eminence. The career of one who, as the P.M.G. had said, was indeed “no narrow specialist but a man of very wide experience.” Such praise, he may well have felt, rang true, and yet it could not, in these moods of depression, avert the feeling that his course had been, somehow, haphazard.

* * * * *

He soon grew accustomed to the palpable existence of his Director-General, holding the reins, doing all the real work, but he could not, he found, help resenting the scarcely less palpable existence of Sir William Haley.

* * * * *

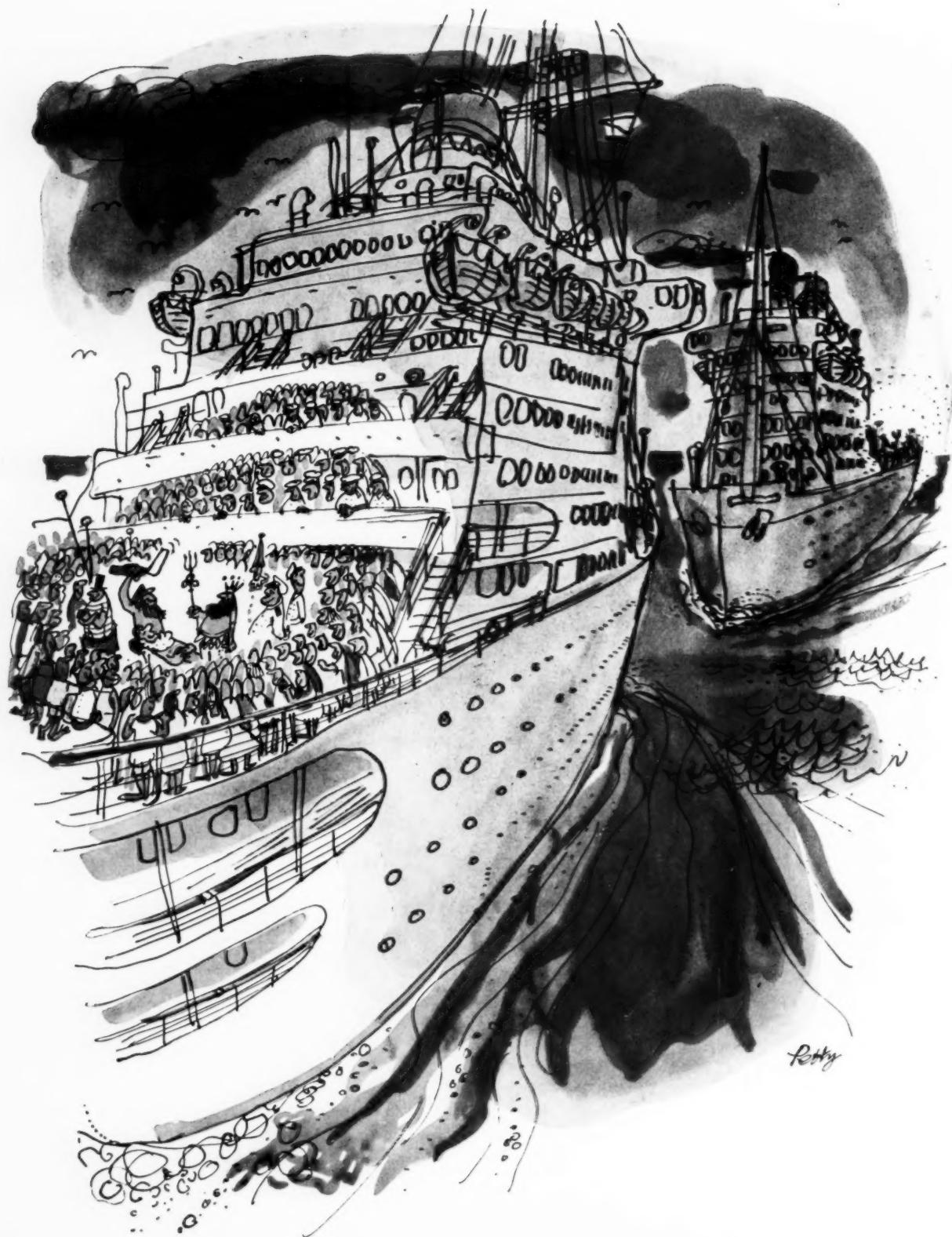
aarnold now had a television set and began to keep a diary. “Another evening’s programmes gone,” he wrote on March 3, 1958, “and I am beset with misgivings. I watched for four hours and for half that time was not at all disgusted, not even bored. For a while this seemed to me to be, at last, a visible effect of all my endeavour. Now I know, though, that I am being sucked in! It is not that the programmes are better but that I am beginning to like them. That it should come to this! May God preserve my sanity!”

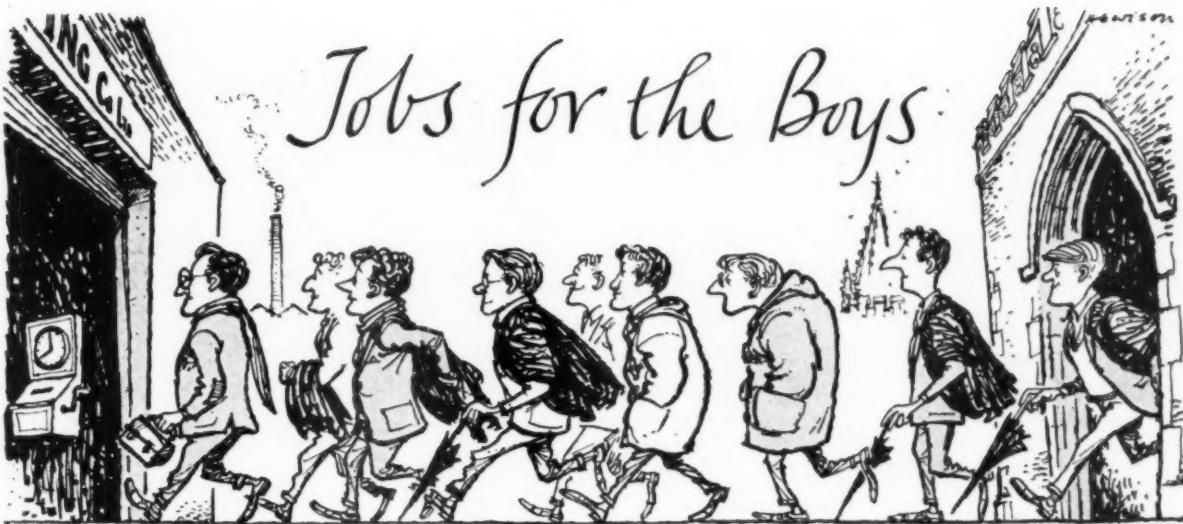
His prayer was, in a sense, answered. At the dinner given in his honour when he retired in 1962 he spoke on the subject of entertainment. Evidently deeply moved, he told his hearers of his belief in the high calling of keeping mankind amused. “I shall never,” wrote an archdeacon, “forget it.” Nobody seems to have much felt that there should have been some reference to information or education.

PETER DICKINSON









Able-bodied Youth for Hire

WITH the beginning of the long vacation eighty thousand university students will be released into the national blood stream.

One quarter will be female, impatient to curl up in the summerhouse and swot *The Hypothalmus and Central Levels of Autonomic Function*; for the purposes of this survey they may be ignored. But the rest will go to swell Britain's casual labour force, whether from eagerness to examine at first hand the seamed face of the extra-scholastic world, a white-hot urge to bolster a flagging industrial economy, or a wish to write an article for *Granta* on the romance of wholesale bottling. Of the great majority whose motive is frankly financial, a mere handful will be driven by the sight of actual holes in their parents' clothing; the remainder by a hankering after long-playing records, food, and other essentials.

The following introductory notes will harm none of them:

You are on the threshold of a novel and rewarding new experience. Work. Approach it with proper respect, curbing animal spirits if possible. Once you get the idea, in these preliminary skirmishes, that it is clever to sew up the sleeves of the foreman's macintosh, or parade through the machine-shop beating lunch-boxes and improvising lyrics to the tune of "Blaze Away," your mistake may take a lifetime to live down. In the world of commerce the word gets round. Musical cushions at Joint Consultation meetings can come home

to roost. No U.D.C. is going to take on a dustman known, during an earlier spell of employment, to have emptied the High Street bins wearing a lady's auburn transformation illicitly salvaged from the back of the almshouses.

To the boss class, Work is serious. Realize this. Your forthcoming brush with it may seem only a frivolous interlude in a round of grim intellectual boredom, but the time is near when it will be—industrial disputes apart—your whole existence.

Choosing Wisely

Holiday employment offers a powerful temptation to indulge the vestigial wisps of childish ambition. It should be resisted. Lion-taming has its seamy side. Engine-driving is a closed shop.



Cement-mixer supervision quickly palls. There is sadly little to be said, after the first rapture wears off, for lowering long ladles into drains. Your careers master, who overlooked all these sources of livelihood in his recommendations, was not the blind fool you thought him. What then is your choice to be?

The professions are shut almost as tight as the engine-shed. Crime, it is axiomatic, does not pay. Participation in revolutionary risings abroad yields little beyond a small fee for the subsequent television appearance and tends to antagonize the Dean. The field is narrowed still further by your limited knowledge of many branches of commerce—fellmongery and antimony refining come to mind—and by your limited time, which rules out such longer-term projects as orchestral conductorships. Everything suggests a settlement for something in the distributive and allied trades. To say you will not be alone in your choice is an understatement. In fact if you want to land a job as a summer postman you should be down at the local office as dawn breaks on the first day of the vacation, and even then most of the hats will have gone already.

Agreed, then, that door-to-door employment offers the most hopeful prospect of paying lapsed club subscriptions, let us not repine. The work is virtually unskilled, and affords excellent opportunities to study various methods of securing front gates. The table overleaf shows the cardinal merits and drawbacks of its principal branches.

Guide to Distributive Employment

Branch	For	Against
MILK	Whistling and singing traditionally permitted.	Blamed for notes blown from empties.
PAPERS	Educative glimpses of housewives in pre-toilet dishabille.	Abused when birds peck lids, filch cream.
BREAD	Sense of identification with world events.	Hate waves sensed as bad news bringer.
POST	Fun from transposed deliveries (e.g. <i>Worker for Times</i>).	Pay own pocket papers ripped sharp letter-boxes.
ENCYCLO- PÆDIAS	High thoughts on theme Staff of Life.	Held responsible mice, cigarette-ends, etc., in yesterday's small brown. Sticky from jam sponges.
	Perks include old buns, currants wedged basket bottom.	Dogs.
	Free perusal p.c.s, and unsealed matter. Social curiosities (e.g. Rural Dean disclosed as purchaser hair-dye).	(Ask nearest encyclo-pædia salesman.)

Delayed Dividends

It is not possible to say whether Palmerston would have been better fitted to handle Bismarck over the Schleswig-Holstein question if his long vacations had been spent as a taxidermist's runner—but public life in our own day provides a wealth of instances. Sir Will Lawther spent his formative years at the coal face, and has shown himself full of grit ever since. Melbourne, Disraeli, Lord John Russell, Horatios Nelson and Bottomley (to name a few) were denied this experience, and regretted it all their lives. These are material times, when practical knowledge at first hand pays impressive

dividends. The university student can derive nothing but benefit from a spell as a dry-cleaner's roundsman. Years hence, engaged in some grave game of business bluff, he may find a fortune hang on the recognition that a competitor is not wearing a new suit but one whose ageing molecules have been scratched by mechanical agency into a semblance of juvenescence. After a term as a travelling fishmonger's assistant, what plum appointment may not turn on his ability to admonish with confidence the airline stewardess who serves cod when the menu swears to turbot!

The advantages of well-chosen casual



Situations Wanted

KEBLE MAN would rub brasses. S.A.E. for tariff. Box 4565.

TWO LIVELY University College of North Staffordshire MEN will escort. Ascot, Battersea Pleasure. Pretty girls only. Box 5786.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN pay debts two Cambridge men (nucl. phys.) and lend laboratory space series vital experiments in return part time work house or garden? No weeding. Write for full details, or call with money, 37b, Chesterton Road.

THREE DONS (Bristol) free June-Sept. tea-time music reputable Espresso (piano, cor anglais doubling flageolet, recorder). Madrigals a speciality. References supplied. Box 2995.

WOULD KIND PERSON, once young him/herself, make gift £200 for purchase textbooks? "Gus," Poste Restante, G.P.O., Newmarket.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT essential summer months. Good pay, no office hours, no pettifogging restrictions, no animals, engines, digging, book-keeping or children. Go anywhere (no trains, boats or flying, owing travel-sickness). Box 5665.

NORTH POLE on a raft is plan of Reading University 'grad. Publisher's tenders? Box 2934.

CONTRIBUTOR *Isis* and many others would undertake small number *Times* leaders, Civil Defence pamphlets, Strips, Greetings Card verses. Own Roget, Fowler, Walker's Rhyming. Box 7656.

LEADING O.U.D.S. member would coach TV producers afternoons. The Method, etc. Also make-up course (Lear, Chinaman, Hunchback and more). No commercials. Box 8881.

MEDICAL STUDENT (1st yr.) would make trouble, lead doctors' strike or suggestions. Box 8058.

Situations Vacant

PAPER ROUNDS, PAPER ROUNDS, PAPER ROUNDS. 100's to choose from. Box 6660. 10,000 WELL-PAID jobs going begging. Why not go begging? 10 per cent commission and all bent coins. National Charity Appeals Ltd., BM/28Q9.

NATIONAL SERVICE AHEAD? Get your know-how now, steal march on rookies. Liddell Hart's Correspondence College (Theory Only). Box 7137.

WELL-KNOWN EXPLORER and wife, summer-

employment are infinite of citation. Consider the number of men in middle life to-day who, for want of a summer season as a deck-chair attendant, have simply no idea what sort of boots to wear for prolonged forced marches over loose shingle. A month as an M.P.'s secretary telescopes a lifetime of ordinary political education, filling the young, receptive mind with profound respect for a man who can steadily mount the ladder to the highest office in the land without discernible qualifications of any kind. What can compare with a period as a British Railways vanman for a thorough grounding in traffic repartee, tailboard latching devices, and the

ing African jungle prior TV series, desire well-spoken conscientious student as chimpanzee-sitter, pleasant Regent's Park house. Box 0898.

REPUTABLE ALLOTMENT-HOLDER pays well for fertilizer. Ideal for young hunting-racing man with own shovel, barrow. Box 5544.

UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS why rust in the "Vac"? British Brains Ltd. will contract you, gain entree TV quizzes, pay 40 per cent all prizes won. Box 4455.

CALLING OXON! CANTAB! Famous coast resort, desirous raising social tone, will hire students walk Promenade daily in cap and gown. Sun-oil free. No ragging. Box 5490. OLD-ESTABLISHED suspension-bridge manufacturer requires door-to-door salesmen. Box 2211.

CAN YOU BUTTONHOLE? Public opinion pollsters gain valuable insight cross-section fellow-men/women, why not you? Select own interrogation site from many: Festival Hall, Woolworth's, Cowes, choice several pitheads, vegetable markets, studio audiences Box 9920.

BOMB DISPOSAL. Interesting lucrative work for right man. Return fare S. America. Call BUENOS Aires 1, or write Box 6660.

precise height from which articles marked Breakable may be dropped without actually breaking?

In short, avoid employment that lacks the promise of lasting rewards. Night-club drumming offers an immediate satisfaction, no doubt; it provides no residue of stored experience for the day when you apply to the Labour Exchange for a post with U.N.E.S.C.O. Then you will wish you had conducted a bus in the vicinity of Golders Green, and picked up a few languages.

Must Your Studies Suffer?

If the ideal combination of business with pleasure is rare of achievement, that of practice with theory is more so. Nevertheless, in making his choice, the student should strive for this ideal. The post of chauffeur-handyman to an industrial arbitrator offers long spells of leisure outside Transport House and other Government buildings—an ideal

chance to brush up the Tragedies of Æschylus and devour Proust in the original. To keep in touch with the flow of cultural thought in this way is strongly advised.

Vacation work of the more bizarre kind—as brewer and maltster or skating-rink superintendent—often distracts to a point where it is difficult to pick up the threads again on return to spheres of scholarship. Cases frequently occur in which students lured by a "false call" break with their universities completely; in a few months' time, when the realization dawns that the street-vending of plastic coathangers is not their vocation, or that bill-posting in a high wind has disadvantages unthought of in the smiling days of high summer, they regret their impulsiveness; but then it is too late: except for the usual extra-mural courses in social service or refrigerator draughtsmanship the seats of learning prove closed to them.

Result, disillusionment and spleen—characteristics which were paying off handsomely a year ago, before the Angry Young Man market had become impossibly glutted, but now barely merit a five-minute sound-radio broadcast on the Overseas Service.

Rupert Brooke, it was said, always had a ball in his hand and a book in his pocket. Apart from its narrowest application, to a young cricket crammer who likes to take Martineau's *Study of Spinoza* between nets, the remark is profoundly significant. Baby-sitting may not provide the most sensational of holiday gossip on your return to the junior common room—accompanying a film unit down the Zambesi will beat it every time; but for a chance to earn money and at the same time withdraw from life's hurly-burly into a world of cloistered calm its only equal is a job as a temporary counter clerk in the Post Office.

Some Points to Watch—the Employer's Angle

In conclusion, the views of four representative users of labour, some with, some without experience of the worker-student, were canvassed by our industrial reporter:

The Earl of Horsham (Shopplace Proprietor)

As I have not a penny beyond what I earn I should naturally expect that any Oxford man (no others need apply) recruited as guide to the Castle would guard my financial interests closely, taking a strong line with visitors who thumb the paintings, take tracings of the family crest by applying blank pages of the Handbook and scribbling with a lead pencil, or leave crumbs and orange-stains on the fabrics of the Long Library. He should have a keen eye for counterfeit coins and be capable of rapid mathematical calculations in half-crown units. A good knowledge of the period of

English History 1720-1800 is also desirable, and particularly of the part played by Sir Thomas Lowte, later the first earl, in arraigning Admiral Byng.

Arundel and Shoreham Conservative Association

(No comment, but we are authorized to announce "Boy Wanted.")

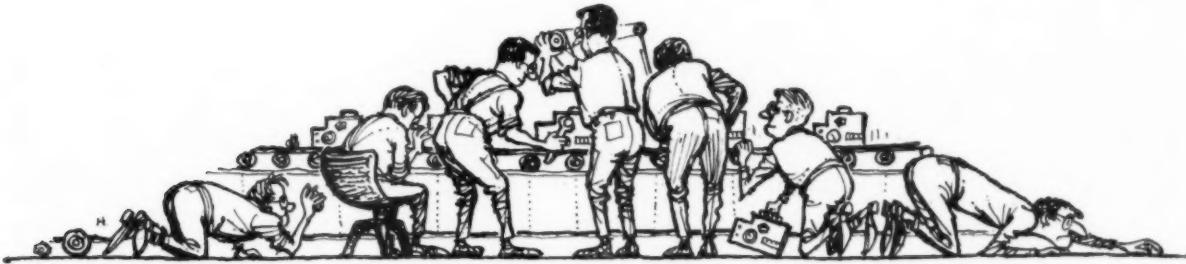
Plume, Sons and Breather (Waste Heat Recovery Practitioners)

Though heat is in less demand in summer we have, at this time, a few vacancies for assistant calorie hands. They should be fond of the work, and have a good knowledge of modern grapping plant, pingeing and bloating, tisk, and the operating principles of a four-ton Smith and Ryman rotary plunge-leveller and dip. Remuneration includes a percentage of all heat recovered.

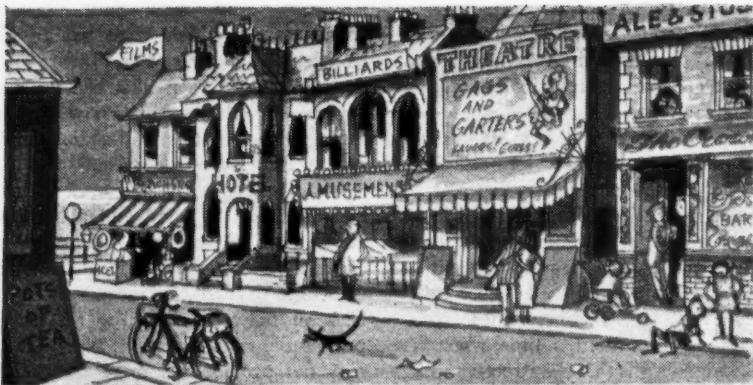
Mr. Bert Wygins ("Sandy's Sandwich Bar")

Quick, easy on the butter and no talking is what I ask of my jobbing counter hands. Last year an Eton and King's lad emptied the place in a week, with his "Thanks most awfully, old fellow" and "You'll find the Cheddar and pickles quite delectable." Also I have not time to educate them in how many slices come off a ham to leave me a profit. They should learn that where they come from, also not to spray young ladies' blouses with tomato pips, and ketchup not supplied unless asked for. I am holding a short entrance test this time—knife-sharpening, packaging (you'd be amazed with Eton and King's, how often his egg-and-cress slipped out on the floor in handing over), and making yourself heard down the service lift above the sound of the milk-shake machine. £4 p.w., bring your own dinner.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



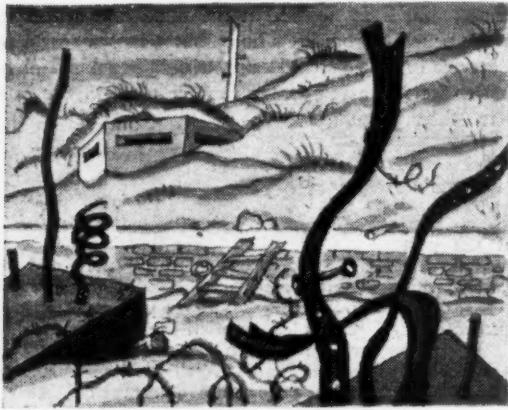
Classical Students at Work



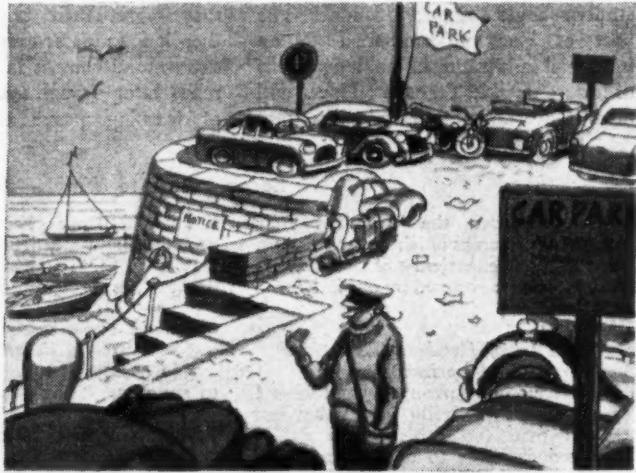
Bearleigh is noted for the wide diversity of its architectural styles, as a stroll along the front will amply demonstrate.



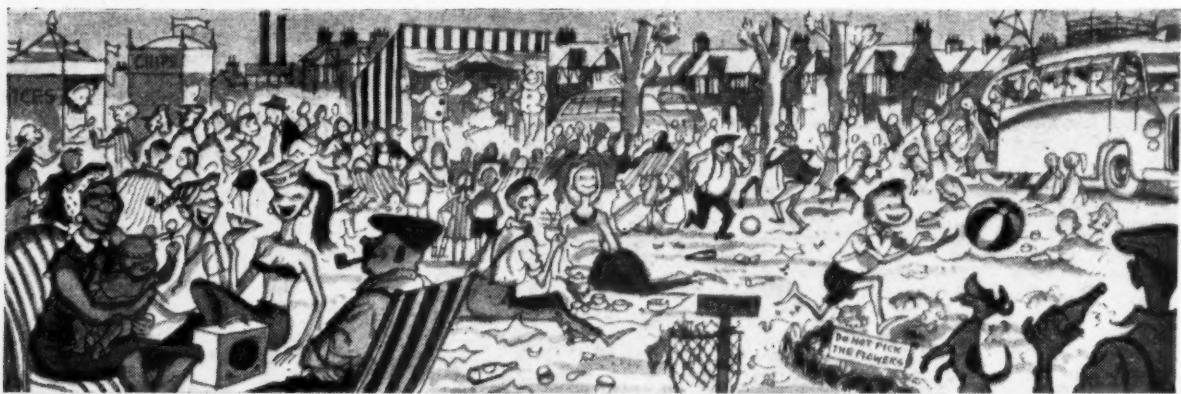
Bearleigh is rich in literary associations. It is from here that Dr. Johnson is said to have dispatched the opening chapters of "Rasselas" when still a comparatively young man.



Bearleigh-on-Sea may truly be said to boast a host of connections with the past, proudly taking its place in the romantic pattern that forms our island story. It is not surprising, therefore, that many interesting ruins reward the energetic walker along the beach in the direction of Stackley—several being of considerable historical interest.



The ancient quay, where humble fisher-folk may still be seen, is imbued with a mellow, old-world charm, filled with veritable echoes of the past.



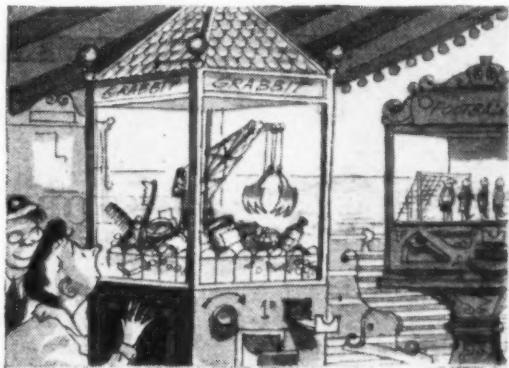
A mere ten minutes by bus from the carefree gaiety of the promenade, famous Florey Dell provides a restful sylvan retreat. Here among graceful trees, lulled by the soothing caress of Mother Nature, you may wander at ease upon the verdant lawns, allowing the balm of solitude to add fresh wonder to your stay. Hard of heart indeed is he who is not moved to marvel mid the peaceful magic of the Florey Dell.



Nestling unobtrusively in the lee of Smuggler's Bluff, Earwig Cove is one of the many tiny unspoilt natural bays in the vicinity. A perfect sun-trap, with abundant silver sands and ideal bathing conditions, this is a veritable paradise, beckoning you to laze all day in blissful seclusion. (A car is essential.)



Many intriguing reminders of the joyous Victorian era are to be found, for even in those far-off roistering days Bearleigh-on-Sea was a resort much favoured by the aristocracy.



For those of a sporting inclination the pier offers a wide range of healthy games and pastimes, well suited to visitors of all ages.



Evening entertainments abound, giving ample opportunity for relaxation after the heat of the day.



Age-old traditional crafts are still pursued by the local inhabitants, the secrets being handed down from generation to generation.



Out of season, too, Bearleigh welcomes you; for here the round of gaiety continues throughout the livelong year.



HISTORY IN THE BAKING

By EVOE

IT was an article of your childish faith, I fancy, that Englishmen had always fed on good roast beef, and that this had made them strong. You were mistaken. A scrutiny of the mediæval diet-sheet shows that your ancestors were not so much bovivores as omnivores. In particular they were fond of the fowls of the air. A well-stocked larder in the Middle Ages must have looked like a cemetery of singing birds:

*"And ye will have basted birds roasted on a spit,
Barnacle geese and bitterns and many
billed snipe,
Larks and linnets, lapped all in sugar,
Woodcocks and woodpeckers, full
warm and hot,
Teals and titmice, to take what you
please."*

So says a poet (duly translated) in 1352.

It will be objected at once that some part of this potted aviary is eaten still, and that some of it does not sing. The point is well made. I concede it. Your barnacle goose is no chorister; nor indeed is it born of barnacles, or dropped

in the form of fruit from trees, as our ancestors fondly supposed. The woodcock and the snipe have not lost the favour of epicures, and the yaffle charms no poet's ear. But the rest of the catalogue is peculiar. More strangely still, they were all on the market, sold at a fixed price; to be purchased at the cook-house door.

Let us hark back with the hounds of fancy to the year 1378. Disconsolate and unheeded the old King Edward III is dead, and is succeeded by his grandson the luckless Richard of Bordeaux. The father of English song is still writing busily, but appears for the moment to be touring in Italy. What do we find? Much no doubt that may surprise us, but not least a *List of Prices for Cooked Dishes* laid down by an *Ordinance of the Pasterers and Pie-Bakers* from which I take a few items at random. Best Roast Heron stands at 18d. This is a colossal sum in terms of mediæval money. The Heron, pursued no doubt by the trained accipiters of knights and noblemen, would always be

an expensive cate. The tame villatic fowl were also dear. Your Capon baked in pastry (two and twopence on Falstaff's bill) will cost you 8d., and even the Best Baked Hen only a penny less, but you can have the Best Roast Woodcock for 2½d., and the Best Roast Partridge for a penny more; but a Bittern, alas! is 20d. It's away then to chirpers and twitterers of the woods and hedges for the humble housewife with her modest purse.

Picture her as she studies the list of baked meats with an anxious eye. She is wearing perhaps a coif or a wimple, let us say a handkerchief over her head. She can buy five Roast Larks for 1½d., ten Roast Finches for 1d., and three Roast Thrushes for 2d. Shed a tear for the merle and mavis singing beneath the greenwood bough!

But economy is everything, judges our good-wife, as she wends her home-ward way, and better a meal of twites and siskins than cripple her husband's finances with a crested grebe.

At this point we cannot help wondering why, in a land that must have been a-flutter with every kind of song-bird,



Mistress Grove feels it necessary to go to market at all to obtain them. Would it not have been easier to make up a merry party, not as now to go a-nutting or a-blackberrying, but a-netting or a-liming of twigs in pursuit of the feathered choir? But there it is. She trudges away with her burden, wondering whether to season it with honey and saffron, or with garlic, or ginger and mace. A pleasant recipe for the Middle Ages is a pasty composed of larks, oysters and sparrows, mixed with chestnuts and dates, sharpened with pickled barberries and moistened with eggs.

The Church, it seems, was greatly addicted to the merle. Abbots reeled from the dining hall stuffed with blackbird pie. Shocked into economy, Cranmer drew up a *Constitution for Moderating the Fare of Bishops' Tables*, in which the number of dishes which might be served at any one meal was limited by clerical precedence. An archbishop was allowed three partridges or six blackbirds to his trencher, while a bishop might regale himself on a mere brace of the former and two of the latter. I cannot find out what luxuries were permitted to a rural dean. It seems only too likely that he had to content himself with chaffinches.

Exempt, no doubt, from such parsimony were the tables of his Royal Lord. The imperious Henry VIII, we find, had a predilection for bitterns. This, we have already noted, was an expensive entremets and for many a long day had been difficult to secure. Others might fancy the swan or the pheasant, the heron, the whimbrel, the godwit or even the barnacle goose. But for the Destroyer of Monasteries it was bitterns first, bitterns afterwards, and bitterns all the time.

Their booming in the Lincolnshire

marshes, as yet undrained, haunted him like a passion, as was the case with Wordsworth and waterfalls, and it is surely not too much to suppose that many of the crises in the political and domestic history of the time were precipitated by some failure to bring to his golden platter a brave supply of this palustrian fowl. "What, no bitterns?" and bang went another wife.

In vain were the gaudiest dainties brought on, all a-smoke, by the trembling servitors.

"Where is my Mire-Drum, my Bull-of-the-Bog, my Butterbump?" would cry the tempestuous king, and another religious foundation would go by the board.

But for the simple populace, for the good Mrs. Archer or the good Mrs. Grove, no bitterns if you please. Dear it was in her grandfather's days, and now what with famine, war and pestilence, the debasing of the coinage and the passions of the new monarchy, it may well have soared to half a crown.

Yet for all this slaughter of the winged innocents, common or scarce, bright-plumed or drab, strident or melodious, it is strange to remember that they all came bad to the table and must be embalmed with sugar and spices before they were devoured. It is no pleasant thought for the modern sentimental or the modern epicure.

Let us turn to fish.

Fish are devoid of song, and occult, alike in their courtship and domestic felicities, from the common view. They demand no sorrow for their demise. Where we have tears for the discomfort of an avocet, we regard with a curious want of interest the pelagic excursions of the eel.

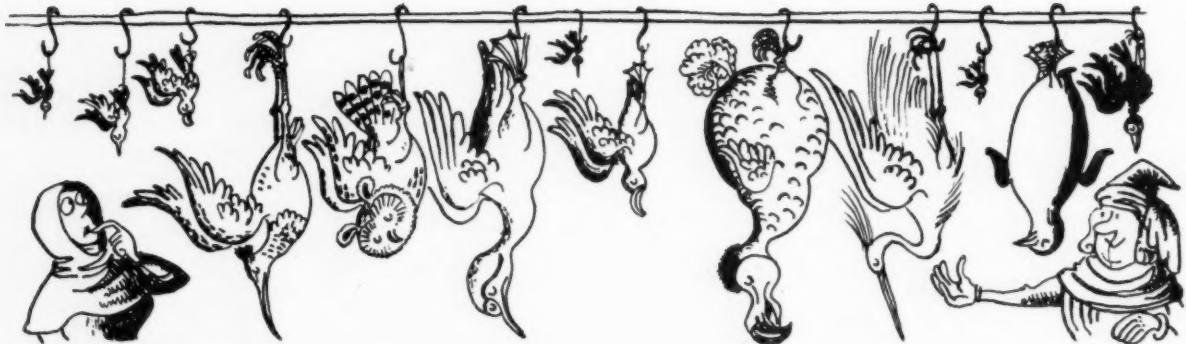
But fish in the Middle Ages, even when chips were rare, were far more important than they are to us, for our forbears not only feasted on all they could find but they fasted by stern command. Some of them in penitence and piety, some because it was the day



or season when fasting was ordained. And then, if they were great men, they fasted well.

The noblest fast that I can find in England was celebrated on the 24th of February in the year 1420. It was therefore Lent, and on that day Queen Katharine, the wife of Henry V and subsequently of Owen Tudor, was crowned. It is the only meal of which the full menu is recorded in *The Great Chronicle of London*, and it is recorded at greater length than almost any other event in the history of the metropolis. All the nobles, all the prelates were there. They had pike, lampreys, trout, codling, crabs, bream, conger, barbel, salmon, gurnard, smelts, lobsters, carp, turbot, tench, perch, sturgeon, whelks, shrimps, and many another denizen of





the ocean, the mere, and the stream. They had every variety of quaint conceit, with curious mottoes in sugar and pastry and marchpane.

They had porpoise and they had whale.

In their feckless ignorance our forebears believed that these two warm-blooded mammals were fishes, and thus they continually transgressed ecclesiastical law. They also had the same idea about beavers. It is among the many triumphs of modern science that these errors have been eradicated, and here at least we can say, though not, alas, always in other cases, that science and religion have walked hand in hand.

They also had Blaundesore. This particular fish—but on second thoughts I shall not dwell on Blaundesore. It is a beautiful word. It has the ring of chivalry. It sounds rather like the name of some lesser knight in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. Sir Blaundesore of the Dark Lake. Let us leave it, without comment, to echo in our ears.

Dare we pause for a moment to ask what were the feelings of the young bride of the victor of Agincourt, with peers and bishops kneeling at her feet, as she toyed now with whelk and now with whale, and dropped maybe here a shell and there a bone upon those reverend heads to slide from thence and mingle with the rushes on the floor of the Great Hall of Westminster? I at least make so bold.

Hundreds indeed must have been the anglers with net and hook and spear who scoured the salt waters, the rivers and the stew-ponds of the monasteries, and hundreds the sturdy carters flogging their pack-horses through the mire who conveyed this poison to the golden platters of the queen.

"Way there for the royal porpoises!"

"Steady with that crate of eels, Brother Jonathan!"

"The King holds high fast to-morrow morn. Rarely with yon Blaundesore!"

Such may have been, nay, must have been the cries.

Is it possible that that other Henry, Henry Beauclerk, who, partaking too freely of lampreys, passed away in 1135, was also fasting when he died? The date was the first of December, but I must leave it to more pettifogging chroniclers to discover the day of the week. Certainly it was a royal dish. Certainly it was the custom of the city of Gloucester to send a lamprey pie to the Monarch of the Realm at Christmas, and the custom continued until 1836. It may be now that the lampreys are going out all over Europe, but Queen Elizabeth the First loved them well. She loved them as William the First loved the high deer, and as her luxurious father loved bitterns, and it is a tribute I think to her dauntless courage and resolution that, despite the early tragedy,

she consumed them so freely and survived so long.

At any rate the practice of fasting well on great occasions held its own. The Star Chamber under the first of the Stuart Kings did themselves, on a Friday in May, pretty well. In a list of their purchases for that morning, which they have bequeathed to posterity, we find:

3 Great Pikes	17/-
6 Breams	14/-
Fower Trout	12/-
1 Great Congre	14 4d.
Fower Great Lobsters	8/-
2 Fresshe Cods	8/-
Cockles and Prawnes	4/-

On such ascetic fare was the flesh of very important persons mortified.

But what of the common weal, what of the other estates of the realm? It is a relief to turn to the simple monk, casting his bait for perch in the monastic pond on fasting days; or the burgher's wife who must make do with a little salted cod and a herring or two, or maybe a plateful of oysters which went for fourpence a barrel in 1491. For oysters and poverty, as we know, have always gone together.

It was not only a devout obligation to fast: it was, as we have stated, a rule enacted by law. For how, argued our wily statesmen, could the strong fishermen, the gallant trawlers of England, get their living if the people, lords and labourers alike, did not eat fish? Eat fish they must and did. And so on our coasts grew up that race of sturdy seamen who manned our ships' crews and controlled (while we still had the run of it) the main.

From this we see that the pollack and the whiting, and flounder and hake, were more important to the making of England than the joints of her mightiest beefes.





1. "Ideal spot . . . absolute solitude. Worthy of the brush of a Constable . . ."

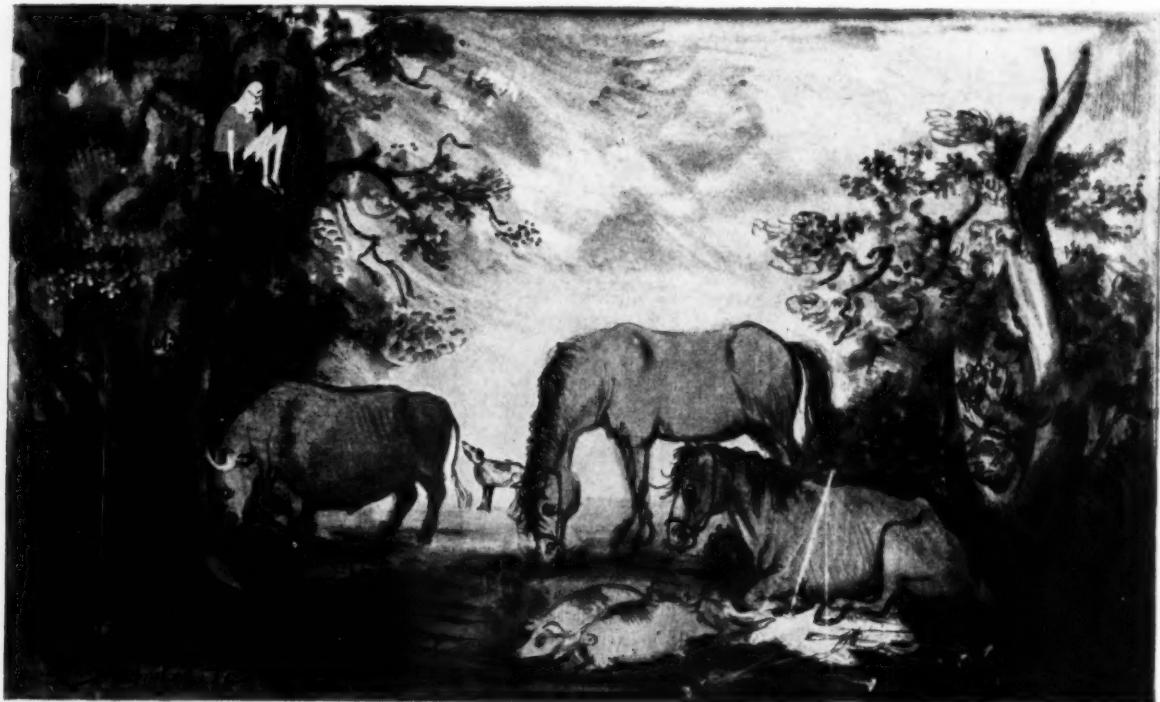


2. ". . . or Palmer, rather. Having a wonderful time . . ."

POSTCARD FROM A CAMPER—I



3. "... mid ever-changing scenes of rural bliss. P.S. For Palmer read Stubbs . . ."



4. "... or even Morland, damn it. Back to-morrow."

Lawley Road

By R. K. NARAYAN

THE Talkative Man said: For years people were not aware of the existence of a municipality in Malgudi. The town was none the worse for it. Diseases, if they started, ran their course and disappeared, for even diseases must end some day. Dust and rubbish were blown away by the wind out of sight; drains ebbed and flowed and generally looked after themselves. The municipality kept itself in the background, and remained so till the country got its independence on the 15th of August, 1947. History holds few records of such jubilation as was witnessed on that day from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Our Municipal Council caught the inspiration. They swept the streets, cleaned the drains and hoisted flags all over the place. Their hearts warmed up when processions with flags and music passed through their streets.

The Municipal Chairman looked down benignly from his balcony, muttering "We have done our bit for this great occasion." I believe one or two members of the Council who were with him saw tears in his eyes. He was a man who had done himself well as a supplier of blankets to the Army during the war, later spending a great deal of his gains in securing the chairmanship. That's an epic by itself and does not concern us now. My present story is different. The satisfaction the Chairman now felt was, however, short-lived. In about a week, when the bunting was torn down, he became quite dispirited. I used to visit him almost every day, trying to make a living out of news-reports to an up-country paper which paid me two rupees for every inch of published news. Every month I could measure out about ten inches of news in that paper, which was mostly a somewhat idealized account of municipal affairs. This made me a great favourite there. I walked in and out of the Municipal Chairman's office constantly. Now he looked so unhappy that I was forced to ask "What is wrong, Mr. Chairman?"

"I feel we have not done enough," he replied.

"Enough of what?" I asked.

"Nothing to mark off the great event." He sat brooding and then

announced "Come what may, I am going to do something great!" He called up an Extraordinary Meeting of the Council and harangued them; and at once they decided to nationalize the names of all the streets and parks in honour of the birth of independence. They made a start with the park at the Market Square. It used to be called The Coronation Park—whose coronation God alone knew; it might have been the coronation of Victoria or of Asoka. No one bothered about it. Now the old board was uprooted and lay on the lawn, and a brand new sign stood up in its place declaring it henceforth to be "Hamara Hindusthan Park."

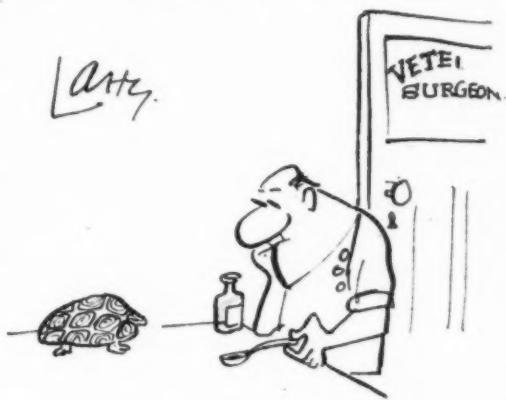
The other transformations, however, could not be so smoothly worked out. "Mahatma Gandhi Road" was the most sought-after name. Eight different Ward Councillors were after it. There were six others who wanted to call the roads in front of their houses "Nehru Road" or "Netaji Subash Bose Road." Tempers were rising and I feared they might come to blows. There came a point when, I believe, the Council just went mad. It decided to give the same name to four different streets. Well, sir, even in the most democratic or patriotic town it is not feasible to have two roads bearing the same name. The result was seen within a fortnight. The town became unrecognizable with new names. Gone were the "Market Road," "North Road," "Chitra Road," "Vinayak Mudali Street," and so on. In their place appeared the names, repeated in four different places, of all the ministers, deputy ministers, and the members of the Congress Working Committee. Of course it created a lot of hardship—letters went where they were not wanted, people were not able to say where they lived or direct others there. The town became a wilderness with all its landmarks gone.

The Chairman was gratified with his inspired work—but not for long. He became restless again and looked for fresh fields of action.

At the corner of Lawley Extension and Market there used to be a statue. People

had got so used to it that they never bothered to ask whose it was or even look up. It was generally used by the birds as a perch. The Chairman suddenly remembered that it was the statue of Sir Frederick Lawley. The extension had been named after him. Now it was changed to "Gandhi Nagar," and it seemed impossible to keep Lawley's statue there any longer. The Council unanimously resolved to remove it. The Council with the Chairman sallied forth triumphantly next morning and circumambulated the statue. They now realized their mistake. The statue towered twenty feet above them and seemed to arise from a pedestal of molten lead. In their imagination they had thought that a vigorous resolution would be enough to topple down the statue of this satrap, but now they found that it stood with the firmness of a mountain. They realized that Britain, when she was here, had attempted to raise herself on no mean foundation. But it made them only firmer in their resolve. If it was going to mean blasting up that part of the town for the purpose they would do it. For they unearthed a lot of history about Sir Frederick Lawley. He was a combination of Attila, the scourge of Europe, and Nadir Shah, with the craftiness of a Machiavelli. He subjugated Indians with the sword and razed to the ground the villages from which he heard the slightest murmur of protest. He never countenanced Indians except when they approached him on their knees.

* * * * *
People dropped their normal occupations and loitered around the



statue, wondering how they could have tolerated it for so many years. The gentleman seemed to smile derisively at the nation now, with his arms locked behind and sword dangling from his belt. There could be no doubt that he must have been the first tyrant imaginable: the true picture—with breeches and wig and white waistcoat and that hard determined look—of all that has been hatefully familiar in the British period of Indian history. They shuddered when they thought of the fate of their ancestors who had had to bear the tyrannies of this man.

Next the municipality called for tenders. A dozen contractors sent in their estimates, the lowest standing at fifty thousand rupees, for removing the statue and carting it to the municipal office where they were already worried about the housing of it. The Chairman thought it over and told me "Why don't you take it yourself? I will give you the statue free if you do not charge us anything for removing it." I had thought till then that only my municipal friends were mad, but now I found I could be just as mad as they. I began to calculate the whole affair as a pure investment. Suppose it cost me five thousand rupees to dislodge and move the statue (I knew the contractors were over-

estimating), and I sold it as metal for six thousand . . . About three tons of metal might fetch anything. Or I could probably sell it to the British Museum or Westminster Abbey. I saw myself throwing up the up-country paper job.

The Council had no difficulty in passing a resolution permitting me to take the statue away. I made elaborate arrangements for the task . . . I borrowed money from my father-in-law, promising him a fantastic rate of interest. I recruited a team of fifty coolies to hack the pedestal. I stood over them like a slave-driver and kept shouting instructions. They put down their implements at six in the evening, and returned to their attack early next day. They were specially recruited from Koppal, where the men's limbs were hardened by generations of teak-cutting in Mempi forest.

* * * * *

We hacked for ten days. No doubt we succeeded in chipping the pedestal here and there, but that was all; the statue showed no sign of moving. At this rate I feared I might become bankrupt in a fortnight. I took permission from the District Magistrate to acquire a few sticks of dynamite, cordoned off the area, and lighted the fuse. I brought down the knight from his pedestal

without injuring any limb. Then it took me three days to reach the house with my booty. It was stretched out on a specially designed carriage drawn by several bullocks. The confusion brought about by my passage along Market Road, the crowd that followed uttering jokes, the incessant shouting and instructions I had to be giving, the blinding heat of the day, Sir F.'s carriage coming to a halt at every convenient spot and angle, neither moving forward nor backward, holding up the traffic on all sides, and darkness coming on suddenly with the statue nowhere near my home—all this was a nightmare I wish to pass over. I mounted guard over him on the roadside at night. As he lay on his back staring at the stars I felt sorry for him and said "Well, this is what you get for being such a haughty imperialist. It never pays." In due course he was safely lodged in my small house. His head and shoulders were in my front hall and the rest of him stretched out into the street through the doorway. It was an obliging community there at Kabir Lane and nobody minded this obstruction.

* * * * *

The Municipal Council passed a resolution thanking me for my services. I wired this news to my paper, tacking on to it a ten-inch story of the statue. A week later the Chairman came to my house in a state of agitation. I seated him on the chest of the tyrant. He said "I have bad news for you. I wish you had not sent up that news item about the statue. See these . . ." He held out a sheaf of telegrams. They were from every kind of historical society in India, all protesting against the removal of the statue. We had all been misled about Sir F. All the present history pertained to a different Lawley of the time of Warren Hastings. This Frederick Lawley (of the statue) was a Military Governor who settled down here after the Mutiny. He cleared the jungles and almost built the town of Malgudi. He established here the first co-operative society for the whole of India, and the first canal system by which thousands of acres of land were irrigated from the Sarayu, which had been dissipating itself till then. He established this, he established that, and he died in the great Sarayu floods while attempting to save the lives of villagers living on its banks. He was the first Englishman to



"Would three of you care to come and make up a four for cards?"



advise the British Parliament to employ more and more Indians in all Indian affairs. In one of his dispatches he was said to have declared "Britain must quit India some day for her own good."

The Chairman said "The Government have ordered us to reinstate the statue." "Impossible!" I cried. "This is my statue and I shall keep it. I like to collect statues of national heroes." This heroic sentiment impressed no one. Within a week all the newspapers in the country were full of Sir Frederick Lawley. The public caught the enthusiasm. They paraded in front of my house shouting slogans. They demanded the statue back. I offered to abandon it if the municipality at least paid my expenses in bringing it here. The public viewed me as their enemy. "This man is trying to black-market even a statue," they remarked. Stung by this I wrote a placard and hung it on my door: "Statue For Sale. Two and a half tons of excellent metal. Ideal gift for a patriotic friend. Offers above ten thousand will be considered." It infuriated them and made them want to kick me, but they had been brought up in a tradition of non-violence and so they picketed my house; they lay across my door in relays holding a flag and shouting slogans. I had sent away my wife and children to the village in order to make room for the statue in my house, and so this picketing did not bother me—only I had to use the back-door a great deal. The municipality sent me a notice of prosecution under the Ancient Monuments Act, which I

repudiated in suitable terms. We were getting into bewildering legalities—a battle of wits between me and the municipal lawyer. The only nuisance about it was that an abnormal quantity of correspondence developed and choked up an already congested household.

I clung to my statue, gloomily wondering how it was ever going to end. I longed to be able to stretch myself fully in my own house.

* * * * *

Six months later relief came. The Government demanded a report from the municipality on the question of the statue, and this together with other lapses on the part of the municipality made them want to know why the existing Council should not be dissolved and re-elections ordered. I called on the Chairman and said "You will have to do something grand now. Why not acquire my house as a National Trust!"

"Why should I?" he asked.

"Because," I said, "Sir F. is here. You will never be able to cart him to his old place. It'll be a waste of public money. Why not put him up where he is now? He has stayed in the other place too long. I'm prepared to give you my house for a reasonable price."

"But our funds don't permit it," he wailed.

"I'm sure you have enough funds of your own. Why should you depend upon the municipal funds? It'll indeed be a grand gesture on your part, unique in India . . ." I suggested he ought to relieve himself of some of his old blanket gains. "After all, how much

more you will have to spend if you have to fight another election." It appealed to him. We arrived at a figure. He was very happy when he saw in the papers a few days later: "The Chairman of Malgudi Municipality has been able to buy back as a present for the nation the statue of Sir Frederick Lawley. He proposes to install it in a newly-acquired property which is shortly to be converted into a park. The Municipal Council have resolved that Kabir Lane shall be changed to Lawley Road."

2. 2

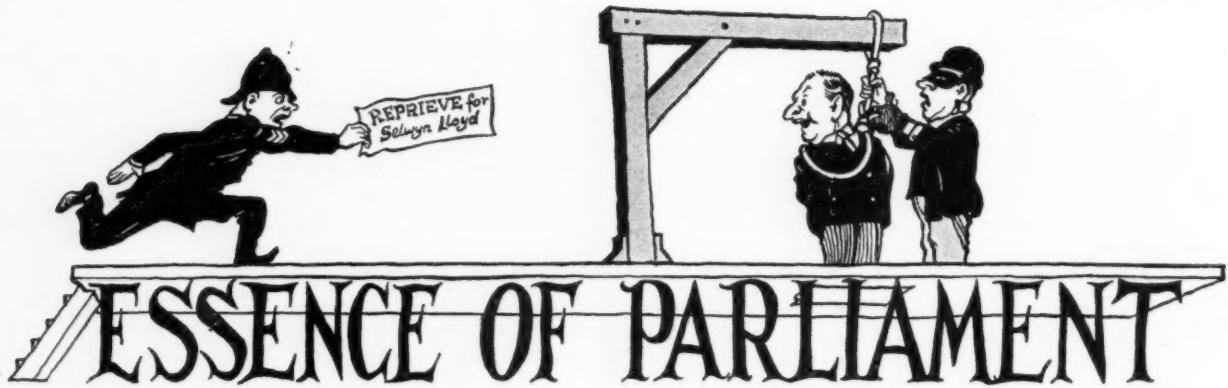
Let Us now Praise Famous Men

TIME was the Hero, reaching sixty;
And full of years and honour, died;
Revered with reverence unmixed he
Passed splendid to the other side.
Now, by the time he is defunct
He's in the throes of being debunked.

Which makes his funeral oration
Hard for our paper pulpitiers
Since to enhance his reputation,
They feel, is to diminish theirs;
So they must water down his bier
With ifs and buts between each tear.

The answer, short of putting down,
Is for him to live longer still
And wait, renouncing all renown,
Remote, forgotten, friendless, till
His rediscovery. His transit
Then would considerably enhance it.

PETER DICKINSON



IT was Culture Day at question-time on Tuesday. Mr. Janner was concerned that the Leicester Theatre was to close down and Mr. Kenneth Robinson that Dickens' house—or to be precise, one of Dickens' houses—was to be demolished. But Dame Irene Ward's mind was on sterner things—the denunciation of purchase tax on household necessities and safety devices. If it were my duty to award a prize for the bravest action of our time I think that I would award it to the gentleman who, at, I think, the Great Northern Hotel, attempted to keep Dame Irene Ward out of a bathroom on the ground that it was For Men Only. Somehow—I do not know how she manages it—when she speaks she contrives to reserve for herself the entire back bench. No mere member of the Monstrous Regiment of Men dares seat himself there. From her mountain of advantage she pours down her wrath on the backsides of the inhabitants of the Treasury bench beneath her. "It is one of the fallacies of life," she shouted, "that the public are led to believe that men are more logical than women . . . It is something positively revolting that anyone should apply tax to anything that prevents accidents . . . I cannot see that any human being would not eliminate this anomaly," and she pointed the finger of scorn at the backs of the heads of the Treasury representatives—Mr. Thorneycroft, Mr. Powell and Mr. Birch. For Mr. Powell was reserved a subsidiary swipe. "I don't like taking the trouble to send letters and then getting idiotic answers." She jeered at Mr. Powell, the translator of Herodotus, for giving up to classical learning a mind that should have been devoted to cheapening kitchen utensils. Years ago

there was a man with a red beard who used to deliver an address to a non-existent audience in the middle of the open Giler at Oxford. His first sentence was "Industrial bondage for which Herodotus was primarily responsible." What the second sentence was I never stayed to hear, and have never since been able to guess what his argument may have been. Now Dame Irene Ward has given me a hint.

Not only Mrs. Mann but a number of males rallied to her support. Mr. Leslie Hale did not like washing up and thought that it should be made more easy, not more difficult. "If it is a separate device it falls to be scheduled as ironmongery," pleaded Mr. Powell, as if that settled everything. Mr. Victor Collins complained that hampers with lids paid 5 per cent, and hampers without lids paid 15 per cent.

Yet the difficulty about all indirect taxation is that if you put it on luxuries then people just stop buying the luxuries. If you want the money you have got to put it on necessities—on things which people have to go on buying willy-nilly. But what is a luxury and what is a necessity? It is obviously easier to point out anomalies than to make watertight definitions. Mr. Thorneycroft had something in his argument that purchase tax should be considered as a method of raising money, not as an instrument of planning. At a time of prosperity and good incomes the thing to look to is not whether purchase tax raises the price of safety devices or other such socially useful articles but whether it in fact stops them from being bought—whether people are buying less of these articles than is socially desirable.

Everybody is agreed that it is desirable to check inflation; but that does not help much, as everybody

disagrees about what does check inflation. Purchase tax, Sir Edward Boyle used to argue, checks inflation because even purchase tax on necessities, by mopping up purchasing power, causes people to spend less on luxuries. No, says Mr. Jay, purchase tax on necessities causes inflation because it puts up the cost of living and then workers have to be given higher wages. As both sides seem anxious to devise a system by which everyone buys fewer goods and at the same time has a higher standard of living, it is hard to say who has the better of the argument. But at any rate what is not clear in the debating-hall is clear enough in the division-lobby, where, whatever blows Members may have exchanged in the Chamber, they all vote obediently as their Whips tell them.

By Wednesday the Finance Bill had moved on from purchase tax to earned income allowances. The trouble, thought Mr. Grimond, was expense allowances, and the only reason why people in such income brackets paid tax at all was that there were some businessmen of whom it could be said that we would sooner pay our income tax than have their company at luncheon. Critics have accused Mr. Thorneycroft of being a lightweight. His weight is certainly light in a more complimentary sense than perhaps the critics intended. There is a pleasant vigour about his debating manner, and an absence of the heavy hand as he delivers his controversial blows. At least his audience is not tempted to sleep. He ran vigorously—and to Lord Hinchingbrooke's approval—through the points of his philosophy. Once more he objected to the language which speaks of the Chancellor as "giving" money when he refrains from taking it away. If it was

true, as Mr. Pargiter had claimed, that soaking of the rich was "our Socialist faith," then what a faith! And in this debate there could be no issue of principle because, whatever Socialists such as Mr. Houghton might say about "the claptrap on incentives," their amendment recognized the need for concession as much as did the Government's proposals. The differences were only on detail.

If it be true that no Member is likely to remain asleep when Mr. Thorneycroft rises, it is only fair to add that no Member is likely to go to sleep when Mr. Harold Wilson rises. Whether his spokesmanship for the Socialists on finance has improved his economics is a matter of opinion. It has certainly improved his wit, and an audience can now always look forward to a pleasant and genial crack or two whenever Mr. Wilson is in the debate. Now, as usual, they were not disappointed.

To the philosophic student Mr. Wilson's speech was in some ways the most interesting of this Parliament. He rejected Mr. Thorneycroft's objection to the description of a tax concession as a gift. Socialists, he said, believed that the tax weapon should be used as a weapon of deliberate planning for social justice. That was just the difference between the philosophies of the two parties. Now it is indeed the difference between the philosophies of the two parties, but when we turn from philosophies to proposals we find Mr. Thorneycroft explaining that he would like to do more, and Mr. Wilson explaining that he has to do something, until Mr. Thorneycroft is fully justified in claiming that the differences between the proposals of the two parties are differences on detail. This does not prove that Mr. Thorneycroft and Mr. Wilson are a pair of hypocrites.

It only proves that both of them have very little room for manœuvre and that individual politicians—even Chancellors of the Exchequer—have not much freedom of decision. All that politicians can do in practice is to criticize other politicians for their inconsistency, and then go away and be inconsistent themselves.

A Chancellor has little room for manœuvre, and even an Opposition leader who has ambitions to be one day Chancellor has little room for manœuvre. Of course if, like Mr. Silverman, you have no ambition for office, then it is possible to make more drastic proposals. But such a politician again has not got power. He is content to abandon the hope of power in order to preserve his freedom. Mr. Silverman's speech was characteristically able and entirely coherent on its own principles. But to answer it Mr. Thorneycroft had only to point out that it had demolished the case for the Opposition's proposals just

as effectively as it has demolished the case for those of the Government.

The Shops Bill is dead. It is the best news for a long time and Members cheered Mr. Butler to the echo. It proves that the only effective weapon against tyranny is ridicule.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.





“. . . then along comes the mouse . . .”

Anger Isn't the Only Deadly Sin

YOUNG playwright or philosopher, beware!
Take thought in prudent time, my manikin:
Since Anger's wearing just a trifle bare,
Could you not find some other Deadly Sin,
And change, before your public goes elsewhere,
The label on the tin?

Take Pride. Why not become a Proud Young Man,
Stuffed with new wind and with fresh bombast packed?
You were a turtle-necked Bohemian:
Be now a Savile Row hand-artifact,
Find in the Dukeries some noble clan
To be your second act.

They say that Envy is a fertile pollen:
An Envious Young Man for sure gets on.
Steal someone's plot. Observe a Baby Doll in
Some other's arms—she shall be yours anon.
Envy each other. John shall envy Colin,
And Colin envy John.

Not only Anger, in the eyes of Heaven,
Is mortal sin. Before it gets too late,
Remember that the mode of '57

Will be discredited in '58.
Stir up the mixture, lad—Lust is a leaven
Has never failed, to date.

A Gluttonous Young Man, I will concede,
Is not at first sight fetching; but a belly
Lined with good capon, nursed with careful greed
On lobster, bortsch and mounds of vermicelli
Will give you that successful look you need
When talking on the Telly.

You frown. Then try the Young Man Avaricious.
Security's already yours, they say?
It only made you angry and suspicious:
Well, if those qualities no longer pay,
The fees that Anger brought you let judicious
Avarice hoard away.

Then may you, sneering at the priests' reaction,
Sink idly into comfort, nothing loth.
Not yours to choose which has the more attraction,
The credit or the cash—you shall have both:
And finally, Young Man, with satisfaction
Insult God with your Sloth.

LIONEL HALE



Sundry Expenses

VERY properly, the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, Sir Cecil Crabbe, is anxious to protect the investor against societies that show signs of jerry-building. The shareholders and depositors who entrust their money to building societies are often very small and inexperienced investors, people who accept all advertisements at face value and believe that all building societies are as safe as the Bank of England.

Sir Cecil's words of warning (see the Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, 1956, Part 5) need much more publicity than is afforded by a staid Stationery Office production: they should be featured, under the trade-mark of some central bureau of economic information, in the brighter and more obvious advertising columns. It was a wise move to insist, as the Registrar did last year, that accounts should be presented more fully and cogently, but there are still many thousands of investors who find balance sheets about as easy to read as the Dead Sea Scrolls. There is still, I maintain, a need and a demand for an advisory service other than that provided, on the side, by pestered bank managers.

The Report lists some of the dangers inherent in jerry-building. Old and static societies are sometimes taken over by wide boys, by thrusting fast-buck directors who puff up their figures with dubious statistical devices and fulsome ads. "The new directors of some of these societies," says the Registrar, "authorize advances on mortgages to companies in which they have financial interests and also advances to themselves . . ." There is another warning against societies paying higher rates of interest as the proceeds of the premiums levied on borrowers. The tempting offer of a better-than-average return is often a reflection of lower-than-average security, and investors are advised to take a long, cold look at the general financial and reserve position

before throwing in their little lot with such societies.

There is mention too of one society which lost some £16,000 through the malfeasance of a local manager and included the amount in its accounts under "Sundry expenses of management."

On the whole, of course, the societies are run very efficiently and prudently, but a few bad hats can do irreparable damage to the movement. For innocents the only simple advice one can offer is to review the affairs and offers of a society that has shown exceptionally rapid expansion after a long period of comparative inactivity with as much scepticism as can be mustered.

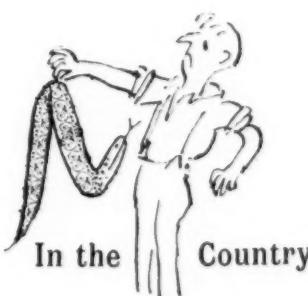
The movement is still expanding—but slowly. It cannot meet the present demand for mortgages at 6 per cent, and it is finding competition for the people's savings pretty tough even at an interest rate of 3½ per cent (which is

equal to about £6 1s. 9d. with tax). The chief competitors are savings certificates, new issue, yielding 7½ per cent when held to maturity, and the highly topical and diverting premium bonds. It has been estimated that investment in "Ernies" clears the market of nearly £3 millions a month. In the circumstances there is a general reluctance among the societies to accept tradition and keep interest and mortgage rates in line with Bank Rate.

Six per cent is a high mortgage rate by any standards, and is particularly hard on the younger members of the Conservatives' property-owning democracy, but in a country suffering from inflation and unable economically to justify a heavy expenditure on new housing it is at least realistic. There needs to be a substantial change of climate at the summit before the societies, whether May is out or not, can cast a clout.

MAMMON

* * *



The Pony Rides Again

FIVE years ago it looked as if the horse age had come to a close: the last shire mare in north Devon had dropped its shafts and ambled towards the knacker's; most of the Hunts were almost bankrupt; and I had stopped sending my Arabs to stud because I had found it impossible to sell the foals at even a remunerative price, let alone a satisfactory one. It seemed that we were all set for the period of the mechanical scooter.

But television put the clock back. Thanks to Colonel Llewellyn and Fox-hunter, Miss Pat Smythe and Prince Hal, and the trials at Badminton and Harewood, the equestrian age has galloped, or rather jumped, right back again. Even the most astute Irish horse dealer has been caught on the wrong foot. Now the market for ponies and good jumpers cannot be satisfied. Girls in the country cultivate ponies as well as tails. The talk is of nothing but points, dressage and jumps. Whereas young people in towns jive, and merely fling each other over one another's

shoulders, we in the country are not so restrained; we put ourselves to a five-bar gate, and then let a horse roll over us. It really is much more satisfying. And nobody is considered of much consequence in the counties unless they've broken at least a couple of ribs and dislocated a collar-bone at the turn of the season.

And this frantic period is now upon us: our diaries are completely full, we rush from show to gymkhana, trailing our horsebox, collecting ribbons and rosettes. The smallest village in the remotest of vales finds it cannot contain the crowd of visitors on its green when it holds its annual one-day event. There are almost as many horses as people. Wherever the show, they are the same horses and the same people. It is a roundabout.

Sociologists should note that this reversal of fashion is entirely due to television. Programme planners have plainly a heavy responsibility: but they will not realize its full weight until a fell pony of fourteen hands has rolled on them too.

RONALD DUNCAN

* * *

"How bemused people get by the frequent Ministerial changes at the Admiralty is shown by the reply received by a visitor to the Royal Maritime Museum at Greenwich. She asked one of the attendants if he knew the name of the new First Lord . . . 'No, ma'am,' was the reply, 'we haven't got him here. Try downstairs.'"

Daily Telegraph

Could have been intelligent anticipation.



BOOKING OFFICE

Thus Spake Nietzsche

The Tragic Philosopher: A Study of Friedrich Nietzsche. F. A. Lea. Methuen, 30/-

"MAN does not aspire to happiness," wrote Nietzsche, in *The Twilight of the Idols*, "only the Englishman does that." Perhaps for that reason Nietzsche himself has never proved quite the force in this country that he has been on the Continent. There is something about him intensely shocking to the innate liberalism and love of compromise of the English, more inclined to accept as humanitarian a parallel ruthlessness cloaked with talk of "the greatest good of the greatest number" than a severely intellectual pessimism that dismisses the notion of human equality as utter nonsense.

Mr. F. A. Lea's clear and well-arranged exposition of Nietzsche's philosophy at moments rather reminds one—if it may be said without offence—of a high-minded and respectable clergyman enamoured of a beautiful and disreputable actress. He is indignant at the prevailing neglect and misunderstanding of the object of his affections, and yet at times appalled by the facts that have to be admitted. In saying this I mean only to emphasize an ambivalence of feeling perhaps unavoidable in writing with enthusiasm on so violent a philosopher.

The mystical and poetical side of Nietzsche saw the world moving in a direction that dismayed him, a direction in which democracy (as the word was used in the nineteenth century) seemed to be aiming at the lowest form of government by the lowest sort of people: a prelude to civilization's total destruction. His remedy for this state of affairs was the emergence of an "elite" of "supermen."

Even if it is agreed that something of the sort would be desirable, if attainable, it is hard to see how, in practice, any attempt artificially to build up government of the kind Nietzsche outlines

could result in anything but an approximation to the Third Reich. Mr. Lea is at pains to point out that there is nothing in the world Nietzsche would have disliked more than Hitler's Germany.

To begin with, Nietzsche (who took Swiss nationality and was anxious to prove his descent from an aristocratic Polish family) in many ways detested

modern life to be derived from the servile world that had finally inherited the Roman empire, slaves who were "against" everything; themselves lacking in any creative or productive imagination, they could only expend themselves in hate.

"He contended," says Mr. Lea, "that any point of view could be 'established' by subtle reasoning; but that 'behind all logic and its seeming sovereignty of movement, there are valuations, or to speak more plainly, physiological demands for the maintenance of a particular mode of life.' The kernel of every philosophical movement was the moral, and the moral was the man."

It is by his intuitive brilliance that Nietzsche charms us, and by the wonderful aptness and wit of his language, which emerges even through the veil of translation. Though he was violently polemical on paper, the old ladies in the second-rate pensions of Italy and Switzerland, where the most energetic period of his literary life was spent, found him quiet and reserved; even though many of them must have belonged to "the newspaper-reading demi-monde of the intellect, the cultured class."

His foreknowledge of the future, especially his anticipation of the theories of psychoanalysis, is uncanny. Socrates, he felt, "marked a moment of the most profound perversity in the history of values." In 1888, at the age of forty-four, his reason left him, and he was found weeping and embracing a cab-horse in Turin. He lived for a dozen years more, but it was a sad end for a man of such gifts.

ANTHONY POWELL



the Germans and German nationalism, saying that for the previous four centuries every disastrous thing could be traced to Germany. He was opposed to anti-Semitism. (Characteristically, his publisher held up the publication of *Zarathustra* while he produced five hundred thousand hymn-books and a deluge of anti-Semitic pamphlets.) In short, there was scarcely an aspect of the Nazi régime which would not have filled him with disgust. At the same time, by one of those paradoxes which made Marx the prophet of the Russians, the race above all others which he despised, Nietzsche's philosophy undoubtedly provided Hitler with some sort of flimsy intellectual background.

Nietzsche conceived the trend of

Unexpected Interlude

A Time to Keep Silence. Patrick Leigh Fermor. Murray, 15/-

You would as soon expect Mr. Leigh Fermor in a Trappist monastery as a grampus in a goldfish bowl; yet here in the middle part of this book is an account of his stay at La Grande Trappe. It is flanked by a report of an earlier

stay at the Benedictine Abbey of St. Wandrille and—quite irrelevantly—by nine pages on the extraordinary deserted monasteries at Urgub in Cappadocia, hollowed out of solid cone-shaped rocks, no one knows when.

The book, in fact, is rather a patch-work. The section on La Grande Trappe is mostly reportage, that on St. Wandrille more subjective; the last section gives the author scope for his great descriptive talent. One feels that something more ambitious should germinate from these notes, admirably written as they are; the author's mature reflections on monastic life would be of unusual interest.

It is a shame that, in a book so expensively produced, there should be such an astonishing number of misprints.

B. A. Y.

The World's Game. Hugh Thomas. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 15/-

It is interesting that Mr. Thomas, though he loves long sentences—one even swells to within four lines of a page—yet gives the impression that this satire on diplomacy in our day is extremely well written. His dialogue is brilliant, but there is an uncomfortable feeling in spite of all the story's bustle, and it fosters that pessimism which is one of the major temptations of our time. How realistic and how free from all obligation to do anything but drink and be merry while to-morrow taries your pessimist is! Simon Smith, our hero, is at the Foreign Office in the Soviet Relations Department, an extraordinarily up-and-coming Third Secretary, and takes his job seriously. He nourishes a romantic passion for his chief's wife but that vanishes at a whiff of the reality which terminates his promising career. In a world of compromise cancelling action, he does something; hats off to Mr. Smith! His history, though exceedingly interesting and exciting, is one likely on the whole to spread alarm and despondency.

B. E. S.

The Last Migration. Vincent Cronin. *Hart-Davis*, 16/-

There are still nomad tribes in Persia who journey between winter lowlands and summer upland valleys, living always on the move with their immense flocks, hunting ibex and boar and the rarely seen snow-leopard, operating a distinctive civilization all their own in the clean harsh spaces of desert and mountain. Seeking to make contact with one such group the writer discovered after much official obstruction that this age-old alternation had recently been crudely interrupted by a policy of forcible settlement nurtured in political intrigue. Settlement means some degree of westernization in the name of progress. It also means degeneration, disease and extinction.

Mr. Cronin's account of the ways and the tragedy of these most attractive people, though necessarily taken at

second hand, makes a story of appealing interest, but unfortunately in fastening the narrative about the personality of the tribal leader he has adopted too much of the heart-breaking introspection that preceded the final fatal decision to fight for liberty and in the result has almost smothered his book in a dust-storm of hesitations.

C. C. P.

AT THE PLAY

A Dead Secret (PICCADILLY)

Julius Caesar—Richard III (STRATFORD)

Three from Rome (PALACE)

BASED in essentials on the Seddon poisoning case of 1911, *A Dead Secret* gives full rein to Rodney Ackland's passion for odd people and his flair for establishing the atmosphere of a vivid and squalid communal life. Considered coldly, the development of his story is slight, and we are never in much doubt of the end; but cold consideration is not easy of a play whose background is so well observed and which provides Paul Scofield, in its minute examination of the murderer's mind, with a character study that grows steadily in fascination. At the start, we cannot believe that this dour insurance agent is he; a small moustache, a closer haircut explain a little of the transformation, but beyond that lies a mystery to which only acting of a very special sort can hold the key.

A tyrant in his home, brutally unsympathetic to his family, Dyson has built up from nothing a little empire where hard cash is his god and the stars are his constant advisers. Nothing, he believes, can touch him; and so he gives arsenic to his richest lodger and collars her property; and when he buries her in a pauper's grave it is this meanness which undoes him. Behind the rugged bearing of a rather gloomy village policeman Mr. Scofield has to show the gradual heightening of the man's mania, and then the slow evaporation of his



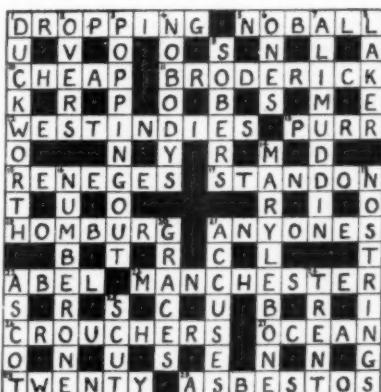
"Leicestershire would suit us, George—good hunting, and they've abolished the eleven-plus."

crazy confidence. He does this memorably, making him not only a monster but pathetic, lost in a muddle shut tightly within himself. The scene in the last act in which Dyson is interrogated by a K.C. who refuses to accept the brief may be a shade contrived, but it is good theatre, and Laidman Browne plays his part with distinction.

But at every point the play is well acted. Megs Jenkins' touching account of the unhappy Mrs. Dyson is in her best vein; and Harold Scott as the broken old father, Madge Brindley as Dyson's victim, and Jane Henderson as a mad maid are capital, though the last part is rather much to swallow even in such company. In this most deserved distribution of bouquets a large one goes to Frith Banbury, the producer, who has faultlessly piled up the horrors of life among the Dysons.

Stratford's chief discovery this season is undoubtedly Richard Johnson, who now adds to his exciting Orlando a vital and eloquent Mark Antony. He could, perhaps, be a little slyer in his forum speech, but it is most persuasively delivered; the quiet confidence of his bearing suggests satisfying reserves. Alec Clunes is no surprise. For some time he has been in the very top flight of our classical actors; his Brutus, the intelligent moderate, the man of feeling who happens to be a leader, sets the tone for Glen Byam Shaw's stirring production of *Julius Caesar*. One cannot hope to be moved by this play, but one can certainly be stirred, at least as far as the quarrel scene. After that the bottom drops out, in a welter of noble suicide.

The senior Romans come to life firmly. Cyril Luckham's Cesar could



Solution to last week's Crossword Puzzle

well have been a conqueror until he grew tired and vain. Mark Dignam makes Casca an interesting odd-man-out, and Geoffrey Keen a Cassius sardonically alert. John Murray Scott scores in the small part of Cinna the poet, whose body, left trailing over the edge of the rostrum, is caught in a spotlight for an arresting curtain. This imaginative production flows hearteningly, its movement simplified by Motley's pleasing arrangement of large nursery bricks, smoothly changing their pattern.

A much better set, I thought, than that at the Old Vic, where Richard Crookback snarls and snickers up a launching ramp flanked by two packhorse bridges. In Douglas Seale's production of *Richard III* we find, as we expect from him, a careful focusing of the important and a series of fine dramatic strokes, such as the unusually dreamlike quality of Richard's nightmare on the eve of Bosworth, and the magnificent irruption of Fay Compton as Queen Margaret, whose cursing would blister the paint on Wellington Barracks. Several performances shine: Richard Gale's honest young Richmond, David Dodimead's Clarence, Derek Godfrey's dignified Tyrrel, Barbara Jefford's numbered Lady Anne, and a commanding, if not very subtle, Buckingham from Derek Francis. Where the production fails for me is unfortunately in the Richard. He must be capable of anything, of course; but he must make some attempt to disguise this from the others. Robert Helpmann makes none. He flaunts his villainy as openly, as outrageously, as the wicked hobgoblin in pantomime, and not

surprisingly draws laughter in the wrong places. The wooing of Lady Anne, never exactly plausible, becomes a farce. It is a pity, for in his less melodramatic moments he gets very near sometimes to the true Richard.

The Palace is one of the last theatres in London for an intimate revue, and everything about the brilliant little Italian company now deploying bravely on its huge stage demands a cosy setting. A further handicap is the tactical error of opening with too many fragmentary sketches flashed at us for only a few seconds. But, even so, I succumbed quickly to Franca Valeri, Vittorio Caprioli and Luciano Salce, three witty and very talented visitors who can well afford to discard scenery (they have three screens and a stool), changes of dress (day-clothes are worn throughout), dancing and all the other trappings of glamour, except a telling trifle of music. They speak English tolerably, taking as their target men and women, and the human vanities. I shall remember longest the mock-Pirandello, the cruel rag of a documentary film, and Signorina Valeri as a girl preparing to meet her lover; but the programme is full of cleverness. It is for connoisseurs of irony and expression, not for the big public.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Summer of the Seventeenth Doll (New-8/5/57), strong stuff from Australia. *Zuleika* (Saville—24/4/57), a charming British musical. *At the Drop of a Hat* (Fortune—16/1/57), witty two-man revue.

ERIC KEOWN



LUCIANO SALCE

FRANCA VALERI

[Three from Rome
VITTORIO CAPRIOLI

AT THE OPERA

The Moon and Sixpence
(SADLER'S WELLS)

THESE are times when the cosy convention of dog doesn't eat dog must give way to plain equity. Here, then, a hatchet for Peter Heyworth of *The Observer*.

The Moon and Sixpence, as heard at Sadler's Wells, is a dramatic fragment by Patrick Terry, after Somerset Maugham's tale about Charles Strickland, a painter out of the Gauguin stable, who laconically discards wife and mistresses, goes native for the good of his art (a bit unconvincing, this because the only pictures seen on the stage are not Strickland's but Designer Leslie Hurry's) and ends up, with one leg, in a leper's grave. Speaking not merely for this man's taste and that but for the human mind at large, Mr. Heyworth says of John Gardner's music to Mr. Terry's libretto:

"... there is hardly anything that the ear catches and holds as a memorable idea, no tunes, no arresting nexus of colour or rhythm, no intriguing harmonic movement . . . No proper illumination of character or plot . . . Unmemorable . . . Unable to create, build up and sustain tension . . . Lacking in culminating effect . . ."

As can be confirmed by several who attended the first night "cold" (i.e. without any dress-rehearsal or other briefing), most of Mr. Heyworth's negations are nonsense. There were lots of things which ears caught and held and were found (the tautology isn't mine) memorable. The Strickland motif, for instance.

We hear much of this motif in the first few minutes. It is a four-note pattern. Not exciting in itself, I grant you. (It is rarely heard by itself, for that matter.) But exciting use is made of it. "I have other fish to fry," sings Strickland (he and the others are resolutely colloquial most of the time) to his fellow painter Stroeve when about to pull up his roots in Paris. Instantly we hear the Strickland motif on the solo horn and, in "imitation," on the voice, with a tangle of new harp harmonies around and under it.

There is an earlier scene in which Stroeve's wife Blanche fights away from Strickland's seductive (and laconic) presence. She is a mesmerized rabbit with one slender thread of willpower left. The thread breaks of its own accord. On her second entrance (Act 1, scene 2) she knows she is lost; she knows she is going to surrender herself to Strickland in fatalistic despair, much as a woman knows she is going to throw herself into the river. Nothing in the music to catch hold of hereabout? No "arresting nexus of colour"? No "intriguing harmonic movement"?

Yes, decidedly. On the trombones there are dissonant sequences which so touch off and heighten the tragic issue on the stage that I sat horripilated in my

stall. As this scene develops in mid-career, so does it end, the dissonances restated in the orchestra pit and Blanche (handsomely and momentously sung and acted by Elizabeth Fretwell) slumped in a chair upstage, her mouth corners a-droop, waiting with doom in her heart for the hawk to strike.

Gardner's polyphonic textures, by *Wozzeck* out of *Tapiola*, would, I admit, be better for more insets of lightness and brightness. Perhaps further hearings will modify one's view about the main voice parts. For the time being they seem little more than hods of words, with the recitative pulled, at moments of tension and climax, into factitious peaks and plateaus. But there is more operatic substance in *The Moon* than in any of the new or newish English operas apart from Britten's. Mr. Gardner will do well to try again.

He is superbly served not only by Mr. Hurry but also by Peter's Hall's production, Alexander Gibson's conducting, and the devoted talents of his singers. John Hargreaves is a completely convincing Strickland until the closing monologue and scene where, not through his fault but because of the story's ultimate pointlessness, all the wires go slack.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

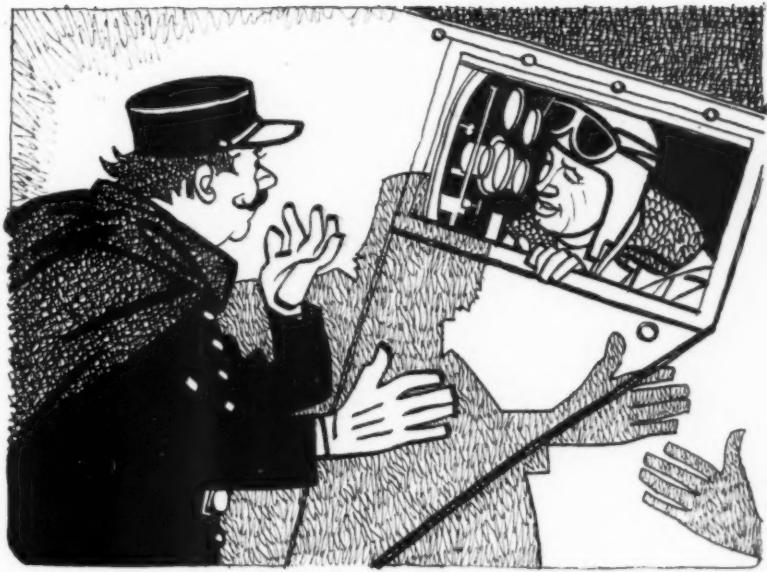


The Spirit of St. Louis
This Could be the Night

NO sour remarks about Alcock and Brown should be allowed to affect your appreciation of *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Director: Billy Wilder). I get the impression, at least in talk, that the people who admit with a sarcastic intonation that yes, Alcock and Brown are mentioned in the film would be almost better pleased if they weren't: they would prefer to be able to get thoroughly, patriotically angry because this story of the first solo crossing of the Atlantic, by (as it happens) an American, had nothing in it about the two Englishmen who together flew across it eight years before.

The point is that anything more than a mention of them would be irrelevant in this story of the first *solo* flight across—which would, I insist, still be a good film even if it were entirely fiction, even if such a flight had never been made at all. The skill with which the whole thing is done gives it a power, interest and grip that owe nothing to the reflection that it all really happened. Why should that make any difference? If you haven't enjoyed a story, does hearing that it was true make you suddenly decide you did enjoy it? If you have, does hearing that it wasn't true make you decide you didn't?

The film opens in the hotel near Roosevelt Field where Lindbergh (James Stewart) is trying to sleep before starting his long-planned attempt. Rain has been falling for days, the runway is sodden with mud; the hotel's lobby is crammed



[*The Spirit of St. Louis*

Charles Lindbergh (with anonymous gendarme)—JAMES STEWART

with reporters waiting for the great moment. As he tries to sleep, he remembers; it is a perfectly legitimate reason for flashbacks, the first of which shows us some of his experiences as one of the first air-mail pilots, flying "an old beat-up De Havilland" through all kinds of weather until he has to lose his plane and parachute-land in a blizzard. By way of other flashbacks, not in chronological order, and "framed" in the account of the flight itself as well as in that of the scenes in the hotel, we get the whole story leading up to the great moment of the take-off.

This moment comes about half-way through the picture and it is superbly done: the suspense before the little plane's wheels lift out of the mud in time for it to clear the wires and trees at the end of the runway has an almost physical force. Then comes the long gruelling flight. Continually on the edge of sleep, Lindbergh talks to himself, he drives himself to calculate the number of explosions in the cylinders of his one engine, he tries to remember to switch from one petrol-tank to another every hour (the importance of *balance*), he keeps low enough to judge the direction of the wind from the appearance of the sea, he studies the stars (all navigation is by dead reckoning—*instruments* would have meant too much extra weight), and once he does fall asleep—to be wakened just in time by a reflected sunbeam. Mr. Stewart does an admirable job as Lindbergh himself, and his personality is important, but it is mainly the writing and direction that carry the picture. The fact that we know all will be well at the end, a fact some people suggest fatally weakens the story's interest, seems to me not to matter at all.

The blessed principle of incongruity is invoked again to excellent effect in *This Could be the Night* (Director: Robert Wise). Here we have the sort of situation that was so effective in *Designing Woman*, except that the girl concerned has more points of resemblance with the girl in *Funny Face*: she is a gentle little school-teacher who takes a part-time job as secretary in a night-club. It is a trivial romantic comedy, but done with beautiful speed and crispness, full of excellently-observed detail exaggerated just enough to be funny, with much very amusing dialogue, and spiced from time to time with glimpses of some of the night-club's musical acts, including a pleasing song-and-dance by Neile Adams as a gay little strip-tease girl. Jean Simmons is charming as the heroine, and among the tough characters she soon softens up are Paul Douglas and a surly, violent young newcomer, Anthony Franciosa.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: *Fear Strikes Out*, about a neurotic baseball-player, with a striking new young actor, Anthony Perkins; the excellent Italian pair at the Academy, *The Lost Continent* (24/4/57) and *Friends for Life*; the splendidly enjoyable musical *Funny Face* (8/5/57); and the handsome *Boy on a Dolphin* (22/6/57).

Most entertaining release: *Oh, Men! Oh, Women!* (8/5/57)—very funny indeed. The good British war episode *The Steel Bayonet* (22/5/57) is in a double-feature with the amusing Hollywood satirical comedy *The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown*. *Stamped* is quite a good Western.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR



Canadian Success Story

SOME months ago I mentioned a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation playlet called *Flight into Danger*, a brilliant short story of suspense told aboard a transcontinental plane. The author of this original and highly successful piece, which was written specially for television, is Arthur Hailey, a British emigrant to Canada, a business man turned scribe, an advertising agent who seems to know exactly what the public wants in realistic dramatic entertainment and exactly what the little screen will take.

Flight into Danger has now, I understand, been given the Hollywood treatment and will shortly be seen at the cinema, but I doubt whether the large economy size will prove more exciting than the intimate and wonderfully immediate miniature. It does not often happen that stage or screen manages to recapture the first fine careful rapture of the successful one-night-stand TV production.

Well, now, Mr. Hailey has done it again. His *Shadow of Suspicion*, seen here as a telerecording of another C.B.C. "Television Theatre" offering, copies the formula of the earlier success story: a group of ordinary people become the victims of a breakdown in the machinery of communications, live for a time in danger and despair, and are at last rescued by the innate courage and decency of another ordinary guy.

James Doonan, who played the lead in *Flight into Danger*, is now a humble salesman falsely accused of sex crime. For half a day he is big news: then he is



DANNY KAYE

[The Secret Life of Danny Kaye]

released, still plastered and disfigured in the public mind by the mud hurled at him in the newspapers. He loses his friends and his job, is tortured to distraction by a wilfully suspicious community and prepares to leave town. The happy ending has been heavily criticized, and it is true that in real life ugly rumour, however ill-founded, always leaves ugly echoes and horrible scars on the lives of the victims: but this is fiction, and as I see it the play would have failed without its final note of hope and its morale example. Doonan was splendidly supported by Anne Roberge, Chris Wiggins and others, and David Greene's production was first-rate.

The B.B.C. series "Eye to Eye" is clearly a winner. Number Two in the series, "Crime in a Big City," could have been the dustiest of documentaries: instead it was gripping, startling, moving, wonderfully rich in character and imagery, and of course brilliantly entertaining.

This was a thirty-minute picture of the battle between the underworld of Birmingham and its police force. The performers were all crooks or ex-crooks, amateur or professional, and beat-bashing sinews of the long arm of the law; and under the inspired direction of Anthony de Lotbiniere (who also wrote the script and produced) every word and gesture seemed penetratingly true to life. Authenticity and—equally important—the atmosphere of authenticity was helped by the whining cadence of the Brummagem accent. It is remarkable how often we are beguiled into total acceptance of unusual fiction and non-fiction by inflections (American, Irish, Welsh, Anglo-Indian . . .) with which we are unfamiliar but recognize as the genuine article.

This programme invited comparison with the recent much-publicized TV profile of Strangeways Gaol. In every way it seemed to me vastly superior.

Another fine TV achievement is the C.B.C. export edition of *The Secret Life of Danny Kaye*. I enjoyed the repeat of Kaye's missionary travels for "Unicef" even more than the first screening. It is a wonderful montage of comedy, emotion and enlightenment, and I hope the B.B.C. will not hesitate to keep it in its window for a long time.

Finally, a word on the newsreel game, "What's in the Picture?" Basically this is the most useful and entertaining of all parlour tricks: it is evocative and can be immensely stimulating, but for some reason the B.B.C. insists that programmes of this kind are incomplete without a committee of studio gossips. The game's the thing: let the viewer alone play it.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS

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